

THE REISSUE OF

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## The Resignation of Mr. Secretary Chase— Our Financial Difficulties.

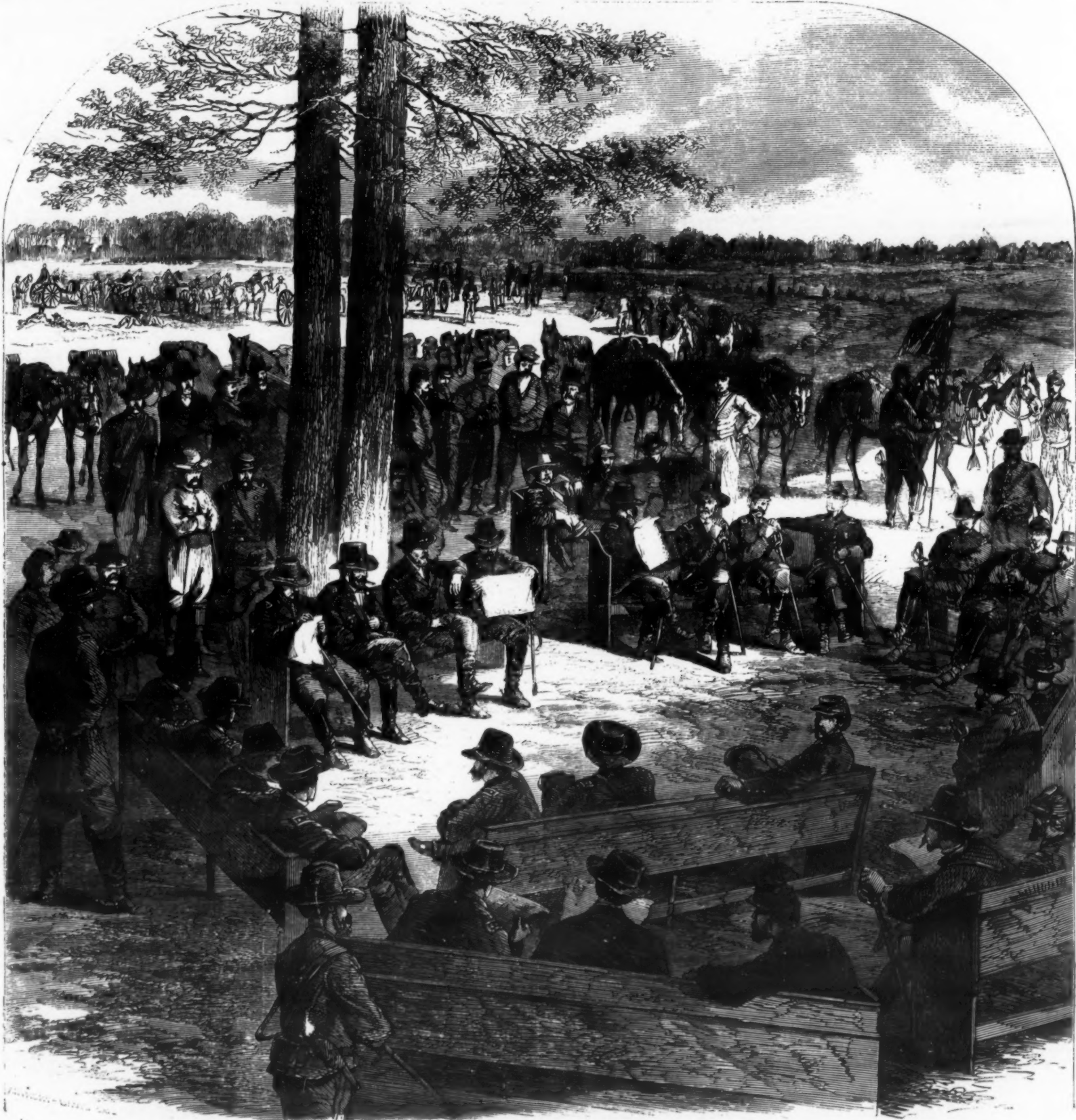
THE startling—because wholly unexpected—announcement from Washington on Thursday last, of the resignation of Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Ex-Governor David Tod, of Ohio, to fill his place, instantly created a more painful and profound sensation in New York than any tidings for a long time of any disaster to the national cause. Men of all parties, and all classes, began instinctively to inquire of each

other—why has Mr. Chase resigned at this critical period in our financial affairs? Has he abandoned the heavy task imposed upon him of sustaining the national credit and currency in despair? Or have political difficulties among the members of the Cabinet, which we had supposed were adjusted, broken out afresh, and precipitated this resignation? If so, may we not anticipate a general breaking up and reconstruction of the Cabinet, with every probability of more serious embarrassments than ever in the working of the Government machinery? And who is this Mr.

Tod, of Ohio? Is he recognised anywhere as a statesman of the requisite abilities to assume at this crisis the management of the National Treasury? What does all this mean? With the present fearful depreciation and still downward tendency of our paper currency, are we not hastening to a sweeping financial collapse and revulsion?

These were among the many difficult questions suggested by this startling news of the official retirement of Mr. Chase, and the appointment of Mr. Tod, of Ohio, in his place. Nor were there any encouraging answers at

hand from any quarter. There was nothing consoling in the statement that Mr. Chase had resigned, because Congress and the President had failed to support him; nor in the allegation that Mr. Chase did not expect his resignation to be accepted. Doubts, distrust and despondency prevailed, and gold, that invisible standard by which the grocer, the baker and the butcher make their advances, from day to day, went up with a new momentum that was positively appalling. Mr. Tod's declination of the Treasury, and the appointment of Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator of Maine, to



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT IN A COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.—SEE PAGE 263.



this most important position, has given a more favorable aspect to our financial situation; but great as are Mr. Fessenden's admitted abilities for the Treasury, as proved in his services as Senate Chairman on Finance, the task which he has assumed will tax his utmost strength. What is he called upon to do?

All the manifold and multifarious difficulties before him may be summed up into one—excessive issues of "greenbacks," and paper money, in every shape and form. In the middle of June last, according to Government returns on the subject, and other reliable statements, the paper currency in circulation in the loyal States was as follows:

Ordinary Treasury Notes or "greenbacks" \$492,041,300  
Interest-bearing Legal Tenders 227,707,802  
Fractional Currency 21,031,948  
National Bank Issues 23,000,000  
State Bank Notes 173,500,000

\$875,281,050

Eight hundred and seventy-six millions of paper money as the circulating medium of the loyal States and the States and parts of States reclaimed from the rebellion! Is not this a close approximation to the first French Republic, with its excessive issues of assignats? In all the United States and Territories in 1860 the paper money in circulation (State banks) was less than \$200,000,000. Now, including the loyal and rebellious States, we have, instead of \$200,000,000, \$1,400,000,000 of paper money afloat. Jeff Davis last year had about \$800,000,000 in circulation, when, finding his paper dollar reduced in value to eight cents, and that the more he issued the nearer he was to bankruptcy, he, through his Confederate Congress, cut off \$300,000,000 at a single stroke by the simple process of repudiation.

We cannot do this; but to escape repudiation, this last alternative of bankruptcy, these excessive paper money issues must be cut down to the extent of \$300,000,000, or at least \$200,000,000, and Mr. Fessenden must fall back upon loans and taxes to keep his \$500,000,000 or \$600,000,000 of paper within range of redemption. Loans and taxes are the remedies which Congress, in pursuance of the plans of Mr. Chase, has boldly adopted. There is, however, one important remedial measure of Mr. Chase which has been defeated in Congress, to wit, his sensible proposition for a temporary war tax upon the circulation of our State banks, equivalent, if you please, to a prohibitory tax upon their issues beyond a certain amount. We suspect that \$173,500,000 does not cover the paper of our State banks now afloat; but even this sum might be reduced one-half or more advantageously to all concerned, except those local banks which flourish only to the extent of their irredeemable circulation.

We hope, therefore, that Mr. Fessenden will promptly recall the attention of Congress to this relieving measure of a tax upon the circulation of the State banks. We are aware that every member of both houses is interested, directly or indirectly, in some local bank; but let the Secretary of the Treasury make the direct issue with both Houses, whether the national currency shall be rescued from the road to ruin by a tax upon these local institutions, or whether they shall be bolstered up at the expense of the national currency and the people, and we believe the national cause will prevail. We shall look into this subject again.

**HORSES AND MULES.**—During the year ending June 30, 1863, there were purchased 173,832 horses and 86,254 mules, and there were captured 7,783 horses and 6,916 mules, which, added to those on hand at the commencement of the year, made the number 197,457 horses and 110,068 mules. There were condemned, sold, died or lost by capture during the year 57,676 horses and 17,170 mules. More than one horse out of every four was thus *hors du combat*, while nearly one mule infrequently was a used-up beast. Yet \$16,631 58 was paid for veterinary surgeons, and \$30,292 39 for medicines for horses and mules. This unprecedented destruction of horses and mules will have somehow to be arrested, or it will become impossible to remount our cavalry or to provide animals for the artillery and wagon trains.

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### Sickness on the Peninsula.

Our army before Richmond has suffered greatly from Chills and Fever, as well as Bowel Complaints. Some regiments have made a free use of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and have consequently suffered much less than those who have depended entirely upon the surgeons. A few doses of the Pain Killer taken in the early stages of the Diarrhoea have often prevented a long illness. Some are accustomed to use a little in water, preventing any injurious effects from its too frequent use during the hot weather.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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ACCEPTED.—The Kobolds of Vleightsburg—Bessie's Fortunes—A Story of Two Lives.

DECLINED.—Olive Vrain—Hospital Life by a Soldier—The Mystery of Elmwood—General Lee—The Dying Soldier—The Doctor's Lament—The April Day.

### Summary of the Week.

#### VIRGINIA.

The campaign has now, from the very necessity of the case, been reduced to a series of skirmishes, partial assaults on each other's works, and fruitless bombardments.

Grant presses steadily in on Petersburg, gaining slowly but surely, and the enemy endeavors, by sallies, to disconcert him.

On the 25th June they attacked the 9th and 5th corps, but retired, leaving their dead before our works.

On the 28th Gen. Ledlie, 9th corps, threw up a fieldwork for siege guns, on which the enemy opened a tremendous fire. They subsequently attacked him, but were repulsed.

On the 30th Gen. Smith attempted to take the White House, near Petersburg, but failed, losing seriously.

Gen. Wilson has succeeded in destroying 60 miles of the Danville railroad completely, but on his return was met at Ream's station by the enemy in force. He fought them all the night of the 27th, and was at last relieved by the 6th and 2d corps, and cut his way through. His command was, however, separated, and he lost about 750 men.

Mosby's guerillas have begun their raids, dashing into and plundering Duffield's station, near Harper's ferry, and menacing Martinsburg.

Gen. Hunter, having accomplished the objects of his movement, and running out of ammunition, fell back to Meadow bluff, being unable to hold out against the heavy force sent down from Richmond. His total loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed 600, and he brought with him 100 prisoners, 7 cannon and 600 horses, and destroyed an immense quantity of stores. He lost some cannon in a dash by a sudden dash of guerillas.

#### ARKANSAS.

Gen. Carr, on June 27, defeated the rebels under Shelby, between Shadon and St. Charles, taking 200 prisoners and the guns of the Queen City. Marmaduke came up to aid Shelby, but they both retired.

#### LOUISIANA.

A large deposit of rebel archives has been found buried in the earth at Baton Rouge by John O'Connor, Esq., Recorder of the parish.

Gen. Banks has sent all his wounded North. Col. Slommyns attacked our troops at Pine bluff on the 21st, but was repulsed, and found his own camp captured and destroyed by the 7th Missouri cavalry.

On the 19th the 8th Missouri was attacked at Brownsville by Shelby, but they repulsed their assailants.

A cavalry force from Fort Smith, on the 26th, met a rebel cavalry force of 800, and killed or took the whole.

#### GEORGIA.

On the 24th Sherman made a diversion on each of the enemy's flanks. At 8 A.M. Thomas and McPherson attacked Kennesaw mountain, but, after sustaining heavy loss, including Gen. Harker, Col. Dan. McCook and others, gave up the attempt. In an attack on Schofield and Hooker the enemy were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed.

On June 24 Gen. Pillow, with 3,000 men, demanded the surrender of Lafayette. Col. Watkins, who had but 400, refused, and held out till Col. Croxton, 4th Kentucky, came up, when Pillow retreated, leaving 100 dead and wounded on the field.

Johnston has four corps, Hardee's, composed of Cheatham's, Cleburn's, Walker's and Bates's divisions; Hood's corps, comprising Stewart's, Stevenson's and Hindman's; Polk's corps, composed of Loring's and Trench's divisions; besides Wheeler's cavalry corps and the independent commands of Roddy and Lee.

On the 27th the 4th, 14th and Logan's corps attacked Kennesaw in three columns, but were

repulsed. Johnston was, however, so straitened that on the 3d he evacuated Kennesaw and Marietta. Thomas at once marched on the Chattahoochee, and McPherson on the mouth of Nicasjack creek.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster has shelled Secessionville from Morris island, and on June 16th the rebels from James' and Sullivan's islands opened on Cumming's point.

#### NAVAL.

On the 19th June the U. S. war ship Kearsage engaged the Alabama, off Cherbourg, and, after a desperate action of over an hour, so disabled her that she sunk. The English steam yacht Deerhound, which witnessed the engagement, took up Capt. Semmes and about 40 of his men. The Kearsage captured 68 of the Alabama's men.

### CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 27th June, there was much routine business of little public interest, the principal subject being the Freedmen's bureau bill.

In the House, the Foreign Affairs Committee reported a resolution, the consideration of which was postponed, asserting the right of Congress to an authoritative voice in declaring the foreign policy of the government. This is designed as a rebuke to the President and Mr. Seward for the explanatory diplomatic note of the latter to the French Minister of State in reference to the House resolution condemning the French invasion of Mexico. A resolution in favor of giving to disabled soldiers such appointments as are in the gift of officers of the House was adopted. A resolution authorizing the extension of the Navy Department building was reported. The Senate's amendments to the Tariff bill were acted upon, and a large number of them adopted, the remainder being left for the adjustment of a conference committee. The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Columbia was passed. The Senate's amendments to the bill exempting from duties goods imported for the late Chicago Sanitary Fair were concurred in. The bill amendatory of the Enrollment act was again the subject of a prolonged debate, the main point of discussion being, as on previous days, the proposition to repeal the \$300 draft commutation, which, on being put to a vote, was again defeated, but this time by only two majority, showing that the opposition to its repeal is losing strength. Different amendments and substitutes were offered; but a vote on the entire bill was not reached.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the House Enrollment bill repealing the commutation clause was received and referred to the Military Committee. The bill establishing a bureau for Freedmen's affairs was then discussed, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, making a very severe attack on the Administration. Finally the bill was passed.

In the House, the Senate's amendment to the Loan bill, excepting the \$75,000,000 recently advertised from the operations of the act, was agreed to. Mr. Smithers' substitute for the Enrollment bill was passed by a vote of 79 against 73. By its provisions no person capable of bearing arms is exempted from military service by the payment of money. Sixty days are allowed for districts to fill up their quotas before a draft is ordered, and Governors of States are authorized to recruit in the rebellious States. Every volunteer or substitute who may be accepted for one year, unless sooner discharged, shall be paid a bounty of \$200; for two years, \$300; and for three years, \$400, to be paid at stated intervals.

On the 29th, the Tariff bill passed both Houses. Mr. Morrill said that he reckoned it would yield \$400,000,000 a year.

In the Senate, Mr. Powell's resolution that the President be requested to rescind Gen. Burbridge's order suppressing the Cincinnati *Enquirer* was rejected by 26 to 8. The House Enrollment bill was taken up, and several important amendments adopted. The period for recruiting is shortened from 60 to 40 days, and States shall recruit only in their own limits, and a tax of five per cent. on all incomes over \$600 a year is levied to pay soldiers' bounties. The bill was then finally passed.

In the House, the resolution declaring that Gen. Schenck was qualified for a seat and Gen. Blair was not, was adopted. The subject of the admission of the representatives from Arkansas was laid on the table by a vote of 80 to 47.

In the Senate, on the 30th, the bill to encourage the telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western Continents was received from the House. Mr. Wilson called up the bill for the more speedy punishment of guerillas.

In the House, Mr. Garfield made a report from the Select Committee to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department. The charges of immorality were not proved, and the frauds were much less than expected. The rest of the business was of little importance, the chief subject of private conversation being the resignation of Secretary Chase, for which a variety of reasons was given. Gov. Tod, of Ohio, whose name was sent in to the Senate by the President to succeed him, however, declined the appointment.

In the Senate, on the 1st of July, the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator from Maine, was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Salmon P. Chase resigned.

Both Houses of Congress adopted a resolution repealing the act prohibiting speculation in gold and foreign exchange.

In the Senate the House bill reimbursing Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, for expenses in calling out the militia during the rebel invasion of last year, was taken up and discussed. The Conference Committee's report on the bill reorganizing the Quartermaster's Department was adopted; also, a report on the bill making appropriations for fortifications. The bill providing for the construction of a railroad from the Ohio valley to East Tennessee was briefly debated, and some time was devoted to discussion on the House bill providing for the reconstruction of the rebel State Governments.

In the House, the Senate resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer was concurred in. Bills from the Senate, providing for the satisfaction of bounty land claims, and affording aid to a trans-continental telegraph line via Idaho, were passed. The Enrollment bill, as returned from the Senate, was taken up. The Senate prohibited recruiting in the rebel States, while the House authorizes enlistments in those districts. Finally the subject was referred to a conference committee. The Civil Appropriation bill, embracing a prohibition of the coastwise slave trade and the admission of colored witnesses in the Federal courts was passed; also the bill regarding the Pacific railroads.

### TOWN GOSSIP.

LAST week we grumbled and chattered about the heat, because the thermometer touched 100, and this week we are inclined to do the reverse, because the same marvellous little instrument has marked 40 degrees less.

Within 24 hours, between Sunday and Monday, the change was 40 degrees, an inconsiderable matter when so simply recorded, but a very serious matter when seriously considered. London physicians, and men of science, tell us that when the thermometer falls 10

degrees in that city it kills 300 people! We think there is little difference in the localities as to the effects, but in this city we have not weighed the matter very nicely. We realize when the thermometer goes up to 100 that some 40 or 50 deaths are announced as proceeding from sunstroke, to say nothing of all those unannounced, but we do not calculate for sudden cooling off.

Let the thermometer fall, as it did the past week, 40 degrees in 24 hours, and we will venture to say, in spite of our acclimatization and familiarity with sudden changes, as many deaths will occur from it in this city as in London. Understand us; we do not mean to say that the next week's bill of mortality will make the increase, but that the blow will have been struck, and those who are in low health, or who have been suffering, will receive the billet that will speed them to the other world.

With the advent of really hot weather comes all the little excitements that naturally accompany it. Mosquitoes, for instance, those wretched little creatures on whom man has pronounced the decided verdict that he can see into the wisdom of all things else that the Almighty has created, but he cannot see into the mosquitoes. We think the city is partially exempt from the wretched pests, but there are localities about us which just about this time we should be glad to inhabit, localities where the trees are green and waving, where the waters ripple and dance over the clean gravelly bottom, and where nature seems to have set a bounteous repast before her hungry devotees, and all is spoiled by—mosquitoes.

The idea is too terrible to contemplate, and we must drop it—and go into something else.

What shall it be? The 4th of July! That is a theme so much discarded on, and so stereotyped, that we fear little can be said new. The 4th of this time is not the 4th of the past. Why, very little more than a score of years ago, we remember how the city was turned inside out. All New York flocked into the country, and all the country flocked into New York. There were booths about the Park, at least 100 of them, with every conceivable thing that has been made to eat since the world began, for sale, but especially a roast pig in each booth. There was a military parade, such military as the world has never seen since—and we pray may never see more—that marched up Broadway, and then marched down again. Everybody was patriotic, and everybody enjoyed themselves, especially the French and Germans, who looked upon the day as they would upon a revolution at home, and kept it up by firing indiscriminate muskets out of all kinds of places, and growing excited over all kinds of things.

We venture to say that upon this 4th less liquor was drunk in New York city than ever before. Not because the people have grown more sober and virtuous, but that they can no longer afford to imbibe. The true temperance pledge has at last been applied in the shape of a tax upon liquor, and the places where formerly men croaked their elbows, or passed the rosy, have risen gradually in their demands until 15 cents is the compensation claimed for a simple "whiskey straight," while he who would indulge in the luxury of a punch must disburse the sum of 25 cents, which, even at the estimated depreciation of greenbacks, seems a deal of money to go at one opening and shutting of the mouth.

Which puts us in mind that just now a fearful excitement exists in reference to greenbacks, or rather in reference to gold. Since the passage of the bill making it criminal to trade in the precious metal, Wall street has been terribly excited, and has had spasmodic attacks of the fever enough to knock sense out of the people with weak financial heads. Gold is supposed to have touched \$240, or, in other words, that operators quoted it at that, and would have been glad to sell at such quotation, but when it came to buying the quotation was nowhere. With the quotation of \$240 staring us in the face, we will venture to say that no person could have sold the precious stuff for over \$220. There is nothing in which the people seem to get in such a muddle as that of the quotation of gold, and yet the whole thing is very simple. By some it is argued that as a rise of 50 per cent. in the value of gold when it has been quoted at \$120 depreciates the greenback 24%, it must do the same when gold is at \$220, but that is an error, the latter appreciation only causing the greenback dollar to fall 8% cents more. To illustrate this we will give a table showing the relative values:

When gold is at	The greenback is worth
100	\$1.00 00 hundredths
120	83 33 "
170	58 82 "
200	50 00 "
220	45 45 "
270	37 04 "
300	33 33 "
320	31 25 "
370	27 03 "
400	25 00 "

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Another error we fall into is to suppose that the appreciation of prices arises from the depreciation of the greenback. Partially this is the case, but the grand reason is the scarcity of labor and its consequent rise in value. The article that two years ago could have been produced by the laborer in a day's work at \$1.50 to-day costs twice the sum, because the day's work is worth double, in consequence of the scarcity of labor created by its absorption in the army.

To step into more serious subjects; it is announced to us by Madame S—, one of the leading milliners of the city, and endorsed by others, that the reign of high bonnets is at an end, and that the fall fashions will utterly repudiate the mountainous, heavily trimmed affairs that have of late years been all the agony, and that a small, roundish shape, sans curtain, sans flowers, sans everything that is gorgeous and assuming, will take its place. We can conceive no reform in ladies' dress that is so well worthy of attention as the reform in bonnets. The rage just now seems to be only for elaboration, and that cheapness upon which can be piled the most expensive and perishable stuffs is counted the greatest success.

From bonnets to churches is a natural sequence, for there is something strangely suggestive in one to the other. We are reminded of a fact—we suppose it to be so—related to us by a clerical friend of an uptown church. He says that in all collections taken up in churches for charitable or other purposes a very large percentage of the money is bogus, or with heavy discount on it. That the opportunity being too inviting to get rid of all such stuff as may be unpassable elsewhere is not neglected, and in the passing of the plate Mr. A., who puts in a well-showing bit of paper that would not go in Wall street for one cent of its face, gets quite as much credit for the donation as his conscientious neighbor who slips in his greenback, and feels somewhat ashamed that he cannot make it gold.

Without seeing the connection, only as the thing slips into our head, we may mention another trifle that has within a few days obtained in uppertendom. It is the idea of photographic letters, on small vignette heads, ready arranged to affix to letters on the spot where we generally put our autograph, the same as we would affix a stamp to the outside. Instead, therefore, of signing, "yours truly, John Brown," there is nothing to do but slip your tongue over the wrong side of your vignette, and you are attached in *propria persona*. This idea is not a dreadful bad one.

And now, with a little touch of tragedy, as illustrating some phases of city life, we will afterwards endeavor to get off into something pleasanter. It is a story of a foot and a hand. A few days since an early passer through Pearl street was horrified to see lying on the pavement a hand and part of the arm, half-way up to the elbow. It was that of a woman, young and well-shaped, and had apparently been severed with the blow of a hatchet. There was little said about it, but the limb was wrapped in an old newspaper and conveyed off to a neighboring drug store and presently to the station-house, its history afterwards being, perhaps, an incident in any ground that could be got at, or a consignment to the waste tub of any dissecting-room. Within two days after Mr. S. D. Horton, a Sandy Hook pilot, while sailing through Hell Gate, passed by a foot and part of the leg of a female, young and well-shaped, floating in the water, which he describes as having all the appearance of having



been discovered with the blow of a hatchet. What a terrible mystery hangs behind this hand and foot, and yet we venture to say that no inquiry will ever be made. "What's everybody's business is nobody's business," and the hand and foot will go down the void of time with an unwritten history.

And now for something more pleasant: a recital of what New York is doing or going to do in the way of amusing itself.

There is little record to be made of the theatres. Literally nothing stirring but stagnation. Wallack's has closed the season, and reopens instantly under the management of Moss—being six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—with Avonia Jones in the new play of "The Winning Suit," and much of the old company. "Rosedale," the 125th dose, was the closing piece, which dramatic effort, to say nothing of other merits, has had that of putting \$5,000 in Lester Wallack's pocket. In Boston it was played 77 times, to the utter confusion of dramatic critics and calculators on public taste, to say nothing of all minor successes.

Niblo's closed with *Vestrali* and "Bel Demonio" on Saturday, and opened with the "Duke's Motto" and *Wheatley* on Monday.

The Olympic, after a season in which nothing can be boasted of success, is given up to Borchard and English Opera, while the Broadway announces in mammoth letters "the last nights of the season" at the head of its bills.

Barnum keeps his auditors cool by action, everything just now exhibited on that stage having been seemingly got up for the largest amount of stirring action, especially that part performed by Mr. Collins, whose jumping is positively painful to witness with the thermometer at 100, every jump illustrating the possibility that the jumper might go off in a rush of perspiration.

Helier, after the most successful season ever made by any one in his line, closed on Saturday, to return when the days get cooler and the people return to the belief in packing. He has been the first to elevate his profession to the dignity of an art, and bring together audiences of taste, who went equally to see his magic and hear his music, such pianoforte playing as New Yorkers have heard but few times, even from those who make profession to high art in that line.

Among the items to be counted on for summer excitement is the arrival of G. V. Brooke, who is daily expected in this country. So far we believe he is without engagements, but will not lack them.

The Congress of New York Managers, of which we made mention last week, met at the house of Mr. Wallack, and organized themselves into a permanent institution by electing Wallack President and Stuart Secretary. The conclusion arrived at was to accede to the fearful demands of the musical Teutons, who demand \$14 per week—an acceding that seems to us something like Hobson's choice—on condition that the said Teutons will sign an agreement for the whole season, a matter we much doubt, as in the present continued daily rise in all the necessities of life it is next to impossible for any one to tell what their labor may be worth in a week hence. The subject of raising the price of admission for the coming season was mooted, but wisely dropped, after which an adjournment to the Maison Dorée and a feast of reasons, and a flow of soles—homeward—ended the performance.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—A returned soldier of the 7th Mass. regiment was discovered the other morning, says the New Bedford Mercury, soundly sleeping under one of the trees, near the depot, in Taunton, with his cap for a pillow. On being roused and asked why he was reduced to such a necessity as that of sleeping out of doors, he replied: "It's of no use, I can't sleep on a mattress; and so I came out last night, and in the old fashion have had a good rest."

The 110th commencement of Columbia College was celebrated on the 29th June, at the Academy of Music. President King took leave of the students, and introduced his successor, Dr. Barnard, to them. The exercises were of a very high order. The music was under the direction of F. B. Halmesmuller. Seldom has the Academy of Music gathered within its walls such a galaxy of beauty.

William Pitt Fessenden, the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury, is a son of Gen. Samuel Fessenden, one of the ablest lawyers of the State of Maine. Several of his sons have already attained considerable reputation as public men. William Pitt was born in 1806, entered college at the age of 13, and graduated when he was 17 years of age. He then commenced the study of law with Mr. Charles Davies, of Portland, and entered into practice with brilliant prospects for the future. He was elected member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1832, and was repeatedly re-elected, until 1840, when he was made a representative in Congress from the Cumberland district of Maine. He served his full term, but declined a re-election, and subsequently returned to the Legislature. In 1854 he was made United States Senator, and was placed upon the Finance Committee, a position for which he exhibited remarkable fitness. He was re-elected in 1859, and since that period has been at the head of the Finance Committee. Mr. Fessenden had four sons; three of which entered the army. The youngest—Samuel—was killed at the battle of Centerville, in August, 1862. Another—Brig.-Gen. Fessenden—has achieved an enviable reputation on the field of battle; a third is a Colonel on Gen. Hooker's Staff.

Politically, Mr. Fessenden is a Conservative Republican. He is gentlemanly in his manner, affable in his demeanor, possesses talents of the highest order, and is undoubtedly well-fitted for the position to which he has been called.

**Military.**—Lieut.-Col. Bowman, who had charge of the West Point Academy, has been dismissed from his position, for permitting Gen. McClellan to deliver the battle monument oration.

Hughes, the guerilla, formerly one of Gen. Morgan's men, is making raids on the border of the Ohio river, and excites much alarm in Green river country.

During the fight at Swift creek Gen. Weitzel was sitting on a log, watching the skirmishing. Two stretcher-bearers came by with a soldier, one of whose legs had been entirely shot off, and whose face was disfigured by a ghastly wound. As he passed by Gen. Weitzel the man raised his head to eject blood from his mouth. In doing this he nearly soiled the General's boot, and at once made an apology for the accident. In such an extremely ordinary man would have been very apt to forget politeness. These little things tell, as much as any, of the heroism of the army.

**Personal.**—Charles Mackay, the "Good Time Coming" man, not content with writing letters to the London Times, has written one to the N. Y. Evening Post, in which he denies that he received the pension from the British Government to relieve his necessities, but to commemorate his genius. The N. Y. Daily News calls the minnesinger Carl Mackay the greatest lyric poet of the age.

Gen. McClellan was serenaded on the evening of the 26th June at Lake George, by a large and enthusiastic crowd. He made a short and sensible speech in reply to the compliment.

The Stevens, of Hoboken, gave a Strawberry Festival to the schoolchildren of Hoboken last week, at their "palace of Castle Point." Owing to the stupidity of some of the school officials, the poor children were marched around several "unnecessary blocks" under a scorching sun.

The heroic little surgeon, Miss Dr. Walker, who was recently captured by the rebels, appears to bear her imprisonment like a man, for in a letter to her mother, dated Castle Thunder, she says: "I hope you are not grieving about me because I am a prisoner of war. I am living in a three story brick 'castle,' with plenty to eat and a clean bed to sleep in. I have a room-mate, a young lady about 20 years of age, from near Corinth, Mississippi (Miss Martha Manus). I am much happier than I might be in some relations of life where I might be envied by other ladies. The officers are gentlemanly and kind, and it will not be long before I am exchanged."

Mr. Lavender, of the Home Exchange, has the following equivocal compliment to "Queen Mary": "Our

rosy Empress, charming Mrs. Lincoln, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, preparing for her accustomed *sejour* at one of the watering-places. War may be 'disastrous,' but the 'Fashion,' of which this genial-hearted woman is now the controller, was never before so expensive, never so prosperously gay. The stranger must go to the Hospitals to find out that there is any sadness in the country!"

James F. Otis has returned to New Orleans in the hope of reuniting the Picayune, recently suppressed by the military authorities for publishing Howard's bogus proclamation.

John Bright, the English Quaker and orator, has announced that when Parliament adjourns he intends to pay this country a visit. His advocacy of the Union cause will insure him a brilliant reception. He is not popular in England.

John Bell, of Tennessee, says in a letter to a friend, that he never would have joined the rebels had he not been told that if a person of his influence attached himself to their cause he would be the better able to control the movement. *Facilis est!*

Gen. "Baldy" Smith is a Pennsylvanian, and a graduate of West Point. During the Mexican war he was a Captain in the regular army, and was noted for his "dash" and bravery. From some cause or other he lost most of his hair from his head when he was young, and therefore obtained the sobriquet of "Baldy," which has clung to him to the present.

Punch says that the reason Garibaldi so suddenly departed from England was because he was privately informed that Martin Farquhar Tupper was preparing to speak an ode to him composed for the occasion.

Mr. A. Gallenga, the correspondent of the London Times, better known as Signor Marcolotti, has in the press "A Narrative of the Invasion of Denmark in 1844."

Mr. Tom Taylor has recently adopted a new dodge in regard to the stage, by writing against the sensation character of most modern dramas. His production was a play entitled "Mystery and Morality," and it does not appear to have been taken from the French. It was a failure.

**Obituary.**—John Clancy, the well-known Democratic politician and editor of the New York Leader, died on Friday, the 1st of July, at his house in 19th street, N. Y. He was born in this city, and in the old Sixth ward, which has given birth to so many prominent politicians, on the 4th of March, 1829. He served two terms in the Board of Councilmen, representing the Eleventh district in 1854 and 1855. The year after retiring from this Board he was elected to the position of Alderman of his native ward, and held that office for three years, part of which time he served as President of the Board, and ex-officio acted as Mayor of the city during the absence of the regular incumbent. In 1859 he was chosen County Clerk, and served out the regular term of three years. Previous to going into politics he was engaged at the law in the office of Mr. Peter B. Swenson, and also occupied himself with commercial pursuits of various descriptions. It should be mentioned also that he was an active fireman for several years, and was foreman of Hose Companies 28 and 60. He was not a married man, but leaves behind two sisters and one brother.

Col. William Wilson, of the Wilson Zouaves, was killed by a fall from his horse, on Thursday afternoon, the 30th of June, while riding through his farm in Westchester county. Deceased was an active politician and served as Alderman of the First ward for several years. At the breaking out of the rebellion he raised a regiment of volunteers, and served his country for two years in the Department of the Gulf. During the stay of the regiment on Santa Rosa Island the rebels surprised Wilson's camp, and it was only by dint of some terrible fighting that the Zouaves escaped being captured. The regiment subsequently served in Louisiana, and after an absence of two years returned to the city with the loss of about 400 men.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the famous Irish rebel, died at Bangor, in Wales, on the 16th June. Mr. William Smith O'Brien was born in 1803. He was the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet of Dromoland, in county of Clare, by the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Smith, of Cahirmoyle, Limerick. His elder brother (better known as Sir Lucius O'Brien, long the Conservative M. P. for Clare), succeeded his father as fifth baronet in 1837, and became 13th Baron Inchiquin in 1855. Mr. O'Brien, after an education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered Parliament in 1826 as the Tory M. P. for Ennis, and opposed Mr. O'Connell at the famous Clare election. He was member for Limerick from 1835 to 1849, and this was the important part of his senatorial career—the position of a Protestant Irish county member being his Archimedean standpoint, whence he could, as he thought, move the Irish world to O'Connellism. In 1849 he visited Paris with Meagher, and other noted Irish patriots to congratulate the French Republicans, but was very coldly treated by that French Harold Skimpole, Lamartine. The same year he got up the Irish rebellion, for which offence he was transported to a British penal colony. In 1856 he was pardoned. About five years ago he visited this country. He was an honest but unlucky man.

**Accidents and Offences.**—On the 29th of June an emigrant train consisting of 11 cars, and containing 354 persons, principally Germans, were precipitated into the river, about 19 miles from Montreal. The loss of life has been appalling, very few escaping.

At Hume, Allegheny county, David W. Sweet, a hotel proprietor, was taken into custody on a charge of selling, passing and having in his possession counterfeit United States postal currency. In the garrets of the house a cigar box was found containing about \$400 in 50 cent and 25 cent currency, and also a large amount of counterfeit money on Albany and Troy banks. Some of the false currency was also found in Sweet's pocket.

Mr. Weston, a young man of excellent family, drowned himself at Chicago last week, in consequence of having lost a large sum of money by gambling.

Policeman Tyler has been recently tried by the Police Commissioners for assisting a conductor of the 8th avenue railroad to eject a colored woman from the cars. The company has now ordered that colored persons may ride in all their cars.

The Seneca mills at Minetta were destroyed by fire on the 28th of June. It was the largest flouring establishment in the State of New York. Damages nearly half a million.

As the Provost-Marshal's guard was escorting some deserters on the 25th of June through Morris street, near Greenwich, one of the latter made an attempt to escape, whereupon the guard fired at him so recklessly as to kill him, and wounded two passers-by very seriously. Such proceedings are infamous.

Jacob Griesemer, of Oley township, Berks county, Pa., was recently driving a four-horse team home, when three of the horses were killed by lightning. The fourth was stunned and stumbled. Mr. Griesemer had hardly dismounted when the lightning struck this horse also, killing him.

**Foreign.**—The pirate ship Alabama has been admitted to full practice in the French port of Cherbourg. She was also permitted to enter upon large repairs in the Imperial dockyard. The pirate Semmes landed the crews of two Union vessels he had burned. He had also written a letter to the London Times stating that the action of the British Government in refusing him entrance to their ports compelled him to burn his prizes. The London Times ridicules his argument.

The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia were to have an important meeting in Berlin; they would be attended by their chief diplomats. The London Times says the closer the German powers go to Russia the stronger will be the alliance between England and France, who pause simply because their word could overthrow every throne and dynasty in Europe.

A foreign legion of about 20,000, consisting of Austrians, French and Belgians, and commanded by a French General, was on the point of sailing for Mexico. It is to receive orders from the Emperor Maximilian himself, and may be considered as a sort of Mexican guard.

The Austrians are fortifying the quadrilateral in Italy with immense assiduity. The recent visit of Garibaldi to England has much disturbed the Italian question.

Louis Napoleon's banquets now are "a new principle"—every guest has a servant in wait, every five servants a superior officer to command them, and the Imperial Host insists that everything, including coffee, liquors and cigars, shall be over in 30 minutes. At this rate he could give two dinners an hour.

Louis Napoleon had fallen from his pleasure boat on the lake at Fontainebleau, but beyond a sound ducking he received no injury, much to the grief of the Red Republicans.

The *défilé* given in England to the marriage of the Comte de Paris with the Princess Isabella of Spain has annoyed and somewhat disturbed the French Emperor, as it foreshadows an alliance between the Spanish court and the Orleansists.

The recent crisis in Canada politics, which involved the assent of the Governor-General to a dissolution of Parliament and a new election, has brought out a plan of reorganization which seems to give great satisfaction. This plan proposes the confederation of all the provinces of British North America, embracing Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Northwest Territory into one system. The plan was the result of a conference between leaders of the Government and the opposition parties.

The ancient regime of France are very much scandalized at Louis Napoleon's conferring the title of Duke of Montmorency upon the Prince of Talleyrand.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—Foreign painters now very generally adopt the plan of photographing their model figures in their studios, and afterwards painting from them, as the draperies can then be more accurately copied.

In the Central Fair building, says the Philadelphia Press, may be seen, among other articles of merit, the first steamboat that split the waters of the Hudson river. It was built in the year 1804, by Mr. John Stevens. The boat is an open one, about eight feet beam, and 30 feet long. The engine and the boilers are very great curiosities when compared with the machinery of more modern finish for the same accomplishment. We also observe the boilers made for a locomotive in 1816, by the same gentleman.

The European naturalists are having a great time over an animal called the Aye-aye, recently brought alive from Madagascar, and now thriving at the London Zoological Gardens. Though the species was known to exist in the last century, but one specimen had been obtained, and this in the time of Buffon and still remaining in the *Cabinet du Roi*. It is of the size of an ordinary cat, with a triangular visage, and its peculiarity is in its combining the characters of rodents and quadrupeds.

The breed of the once famous Shetland pony—shaggy as a bear, and not bigger than a Newfoundland dog—is fast disappearing. So say the English sporting journals.

One of our most eminent publishers is about issuing a volume of poems by C. G. Rosenberg.

**Odd and Ends.**—Capt. Barnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, lately performed an astonishing feat of agility near Windsor, England. He undertook for a wager to run a quarter of a mile, to ride on horseback a quarter of a mile, and row a like distance on the river, all in a quarter of an hour. He executed the task, winning with four minutes and four seconds to spare.

A lieutenant of the 10th U. S. Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly: "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance Ass, and give the countersign!"

The Rochester Democrat quotes a telegraph dispatch: "The rebel papers declare that Lee is getting Grant just where he wants him; that Grant is really retreating, and Lee pursuing," and says: "This reminds us of the facetious Iowa editor who got a whaling in his printing office and described it next day, giving all the facts, but making himself the hero. The narrative ran thus: 'There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonists, we then succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manoeuvre threw him on the top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the bed of the printing press. Then inserting our nose between his teeth, and his hands in our hair, we had him.'"

An exchange asks very innocently if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages? Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected: Those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

Paris consumes 12,000,000 lb of ice in a year, Boston 150,000,000.

The London Times says there has never been such fighting in the history of the world as that which has lately taken place in Virginia between Grant and Lee.

The Medical Reporter says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod liver oil previously tried. Our advice is for all who have or think they have the consumption to adopt a cream diet; eat pure, sweet cream, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it alone, on bread, with baked apples, and at every meal. Eat it believing it will cure, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effectual as the purest cod liver oil that can be bought.

Many wives are miserable, not from wanting the affections of their husbands, but from the absence, in that affection, of the quality of tenderness.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that the Alabama left Cherbourg in order seek a fight with the Kearsage, and that heavy cannonading had been heard in the direction of Flushing roads soon afterwards. *Galignani's Messenger*, of Paris, says that the Kearsage came into Cherbourg roads to watch the Alabama going out, and fight her if she afforded an opportunity.

The Paris *Moniteur* announces a series of French successes in Mexico, and anticipates an easy rule for the new Emperor.

The Danish question, of peace or a renewal of the war with Germany, was still the cause of much anxiety. It was pretty generally conceded that if the London Conference dissolved without effecting any result England would be involved in war on the side of Denmark. The Danes had occupied the Island of Sylt, by landing a detachment of troops from a flotilla of gunboats. All "German sympathizers" were either arrested or suspended from office. The Danish Minister in St. Petersburg had arrived in Copenhagen. The meeting of the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia at Kissingen was watched with great interest, as likely to affect the subject materially.

It was thought in London that the Italian, Hungarian and Polish questions were all intimately blended by the diplomatic difficulties, and that the Polish one may in the end govern the Danco-German crisis.

The Palmerston Cabinet escaped a vote of censure in the House of Commons by the narrow majority of seven.

Visits of search had been made by the Paris police at the houses of MM. Carnot, Garnier Pages and other advocates, suspected of being members of an illegal association for election purposes.

The Liverpool cotton market was irregular and easier, with unchanged rates, on the 18th of June. Breadstuffs steady and firm. Provisions easier. Consols closed in London on the 18th June at 89½ for money. American securities nominal, without sales.

#### GREAT BARBERS.

The hairdresser, or barber, in France, as in Italy, is generally something of a character, as full of all the gossip of the hour, knowing everybody, and seldom inclined to underrate his knowledge or skill. He takes the tone and color of his epoch to such an extent that, could we resuscitate the professor of these kindred arts in the past, we might reconstruct the history of each period from the airs or the *souvenirs* of its "capillary artists."

Leonard, the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen; Plaisir, the barber of Charles X., was the favorite gossip and anecdote-monger of the court. Mariton, who had the honor of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practical and commercially minded, like his royal patron. Oddly enough the Empress's hairdresser is named Le Roy, (the King), while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majesté (Majesty). The Master of France has no barber, he keeps to his old habit and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hairdressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hairdresser since her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the court to have a duplicate of the headpiece made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuilleries, wearing the *fac simile* of the Empress's headgear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her majesty until the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first artist of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with his hair. Being in attendance on the Duchess of —, he entered her dressing-room as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the duchess.

"White moire," said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very commonplace. All the butchers' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many butchers' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of her hand towards the opening door, through which her maid was entering with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of point de Venise.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair with double braids and these beautiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hairdresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican—at only for Crocres. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady

"If you have not confidence in me, madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of my clients," returned the artist, haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving towards the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant coupé and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing her maid. "Take away these ornaments and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The only hairdresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus, the hairdresser of the Grand Duchesse of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Petrus is, in reality, as autocratic as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers, never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their majestic brows crowned with a diadem of jet. If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks, "When God created a companion for Adam, he gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks."

If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the rage in the time of Louis XV., and prophesies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inextinguishable flattery of the Grand Ducal hairdresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

**A LADY in Boston during the past year realized \$1,000 from the sale of wax flowers.** This fascinating art is becoming nearly as popular here as in England, where ladies of all classes practise it in common with painting, drawing, embroidery, &c. A new and delightful little guidebook in the manufacture of flowers and fruits, sheets of wax, &c., which will enable any person of taste to excel in either branch of the art, has just been published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. It is called "Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them," with new rules for sheeting wax, moulding fruit, &c. The same firm have just published an elegant little manual on making skeleton bouquets, and on the art of preserving natural flowers in all their fresh beauty.

**MASSACRE OF FORT PILLOW.**—We have received from the Hon. J. A. Garfield a volume containing the Reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, relating to the Fort Pillow Massacre and the Condition of Returned Prisoners. Both of these Reports are important, as furnishing positive evidence of the malignity and barbarity of the enemy. In the case of the capture of Fort Pillow, the evidence sustains the charge of murder, as in that on Returned Prisoners it sustains the charge of cruel treatment, extending to the verge of starvation. The photographic pictures at the end, of the condition of some of the exchanged prisoners, are palpable proofs of rebel brutality. The general circulation of the volume would tend to awaken a little of that righteous wrath against the inhuman and infamous cruelties of the enemy which has strangely slept in the minds of the great majority of the Northern people.

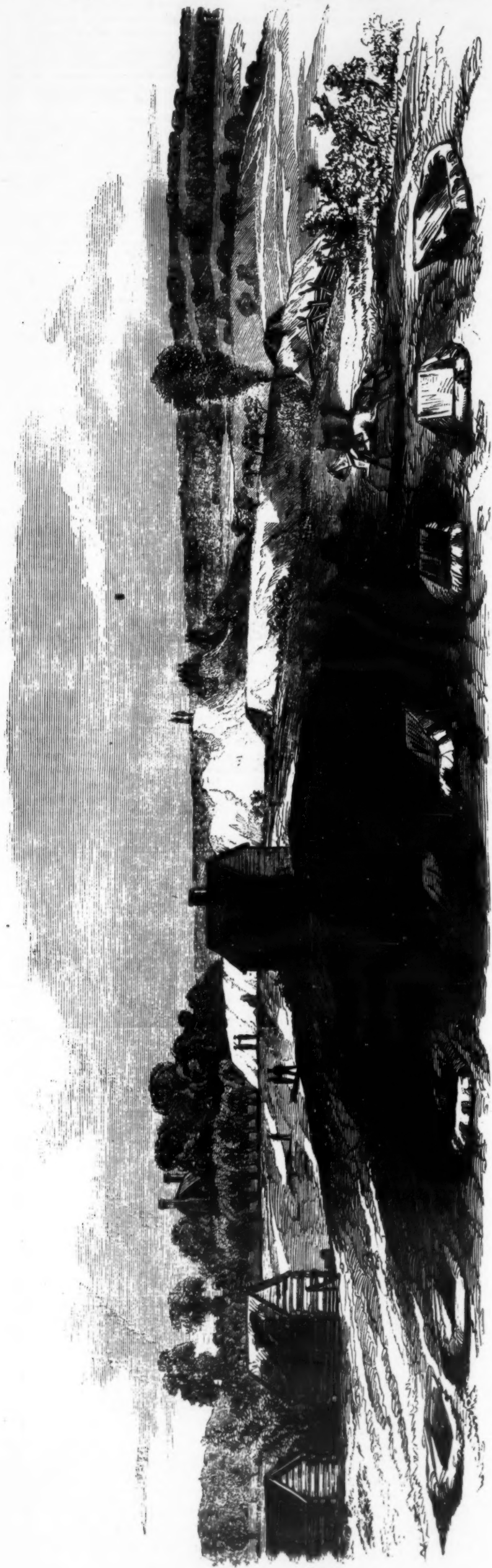
**VALUE OF EARLY RISING.**—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that as the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.

"No one would take you for what you are, said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains.

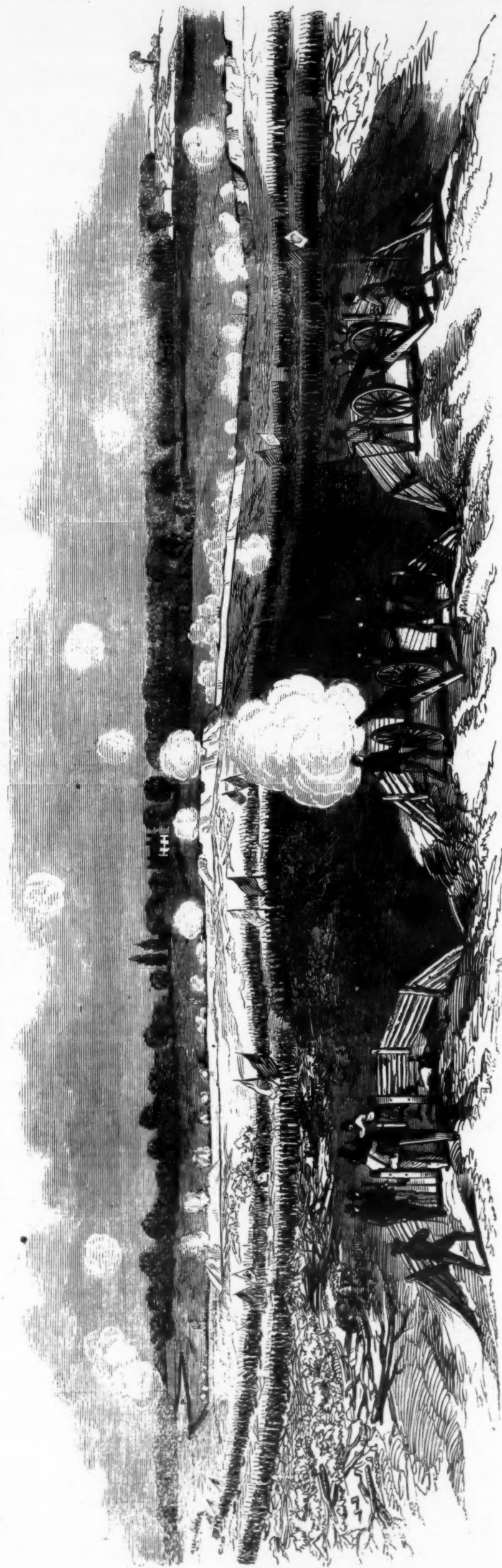
"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because they cannot see your ears."





THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTERY ON THE LEFT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, CAPTURED BY THE 18TH ARMY CORPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BUENOS AIRES CORPS CHARGING THE REBEL POSITION ON THE RIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.



# THE BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Oh, once the Southron's talk was bold;  
He vaunted well his fair estate,  
His faithful slaves, his mansion old,  
His heart that burned for love or hate.  
"But spare our rights?" the North replied,  
"With equal worth ye have to deal!"  
"Up! fire the Southern heart!" he cried,  
"We'll teach these Yankees how to kneel.  
The Southern heart begins to beat.  
We'll drop the whip, we'll grasp the steel,  
We'll take no rest till 'neath our feet  
These coward Yankees kneel!"

Then brought he forth his stolen guns,  
With boastful speech and daring oath;  
He laughed to scorn our brawny sons—  
"So prone to toil—to fight so loth!"  
Our Northmen laid their tools aside,  
And listened, listened all alert:  
"Come on, oh, if ye dare!" he cried,  
"But know our blades are sure to hurt.  
The Southern heart begins to burn;  
Our lordly nature we'll assert;  
Come, Yankees, one and all, but learn  
Our blades are sure to hurt!"

O braggart Southron, wait the day  
When Treason thus in arms did start!  
For flames that roared o'er Charleston bay  
Swept on, and fired—the Northern heart!  
Then flashed the sun on serried steel,  
Then Northern words were proud to hear;  
"Who dares to bid our Freemen kneel  
Shall meet a foe who cannot fear!"  
The Northern heart began to beat,  
The Northern voice rang far and clear:  
"Who bids our Freemen kneel shall meet  
A foe who cannot fear!"

Uprose our glorious Yankee lads;  
Our craft the rolling billow cleft;  
Loud roared the grand Columbiads;  
The rifles rattled right and left.  
The slave went free; the fair estate  
In gore was drenched, with fire was girt;  
The vanquished Southron learned too late,  
That Yankee blades were sure to hurt.  
The Northern heart with courage burned—  
Our freeborn rights we dared assert;  
Too late the vanquished Southron learned  
Our blades were sure to hurt.



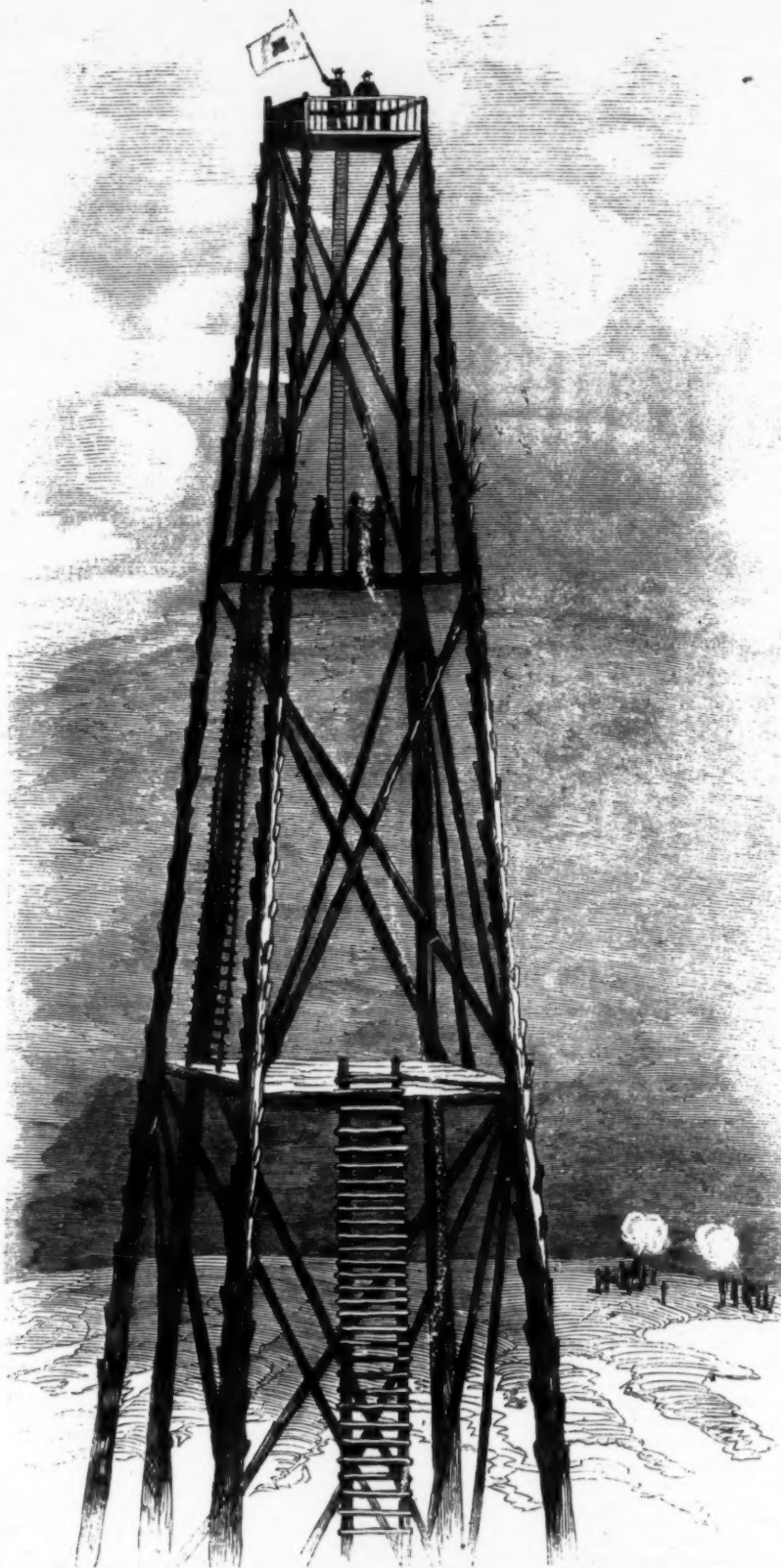
## CECILE; OR, THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAPPY in the belief that the duel had not taken place, and still more happy in being able to take to her father a much larger sum of money than usual, which would better satisfy the wants of the old man, Cécile had gone to Vincennes with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time. The way had never seemed so pleasant to her; and, dressed with more than ordinary taste, as if to reflect the ray of sunshine within, she had never looked so lovely. It was the first time since her happy childhood that the poor young girl had possessed so much gold, and the thought it had been earned by her own labor made it of much more value in her eyes. Ye who toil for that which hardly satisfies the daily wants of life will surely sympathize with our young heroine, and will excuse the tears that fell over the gold coins as she counted them over and over, thinking how each will gratify some desire of her now childish but still beloved father.

Smiling and happy she arrived at the house, and scarcely observed the look of restraint and embarrassment on the face of the attendant who admitted her.

The old man's fall had not, after the effects of the first shock had subsided, been considered fatal, but it was followed by alarming symptoms, among



Follett's Battery.  
SIGNAL STATION NEAR POINT OF ROCKS, SHELLED AND STRUCK BY THE REBELS WHILE GEN. BUTLER WAS THERE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 247.



The Deathbed of Cécile's Father.

which, as usual in such cases, the return of reason was the most significant.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" he murmured, continually—"do not tell her—let her not know of this," he said, to his attendant. "Tomorrow she will come, and I shall be well." Then looking towards the window he asked: "Is it known who fought the duel to-day near the forest, and what is the result?"

"Nothing very serious, sir count," the man replied. "Some of our people who heard the gentlemen talking say it was *une affaire de cœur*; those things are of everyday occurrence."

Those careless words touched a chord in the old man's heart, and reminded him of the cause of all his sufferings. He made no reply; but tears, big drops of agony, were seen slowly and silently chasing one another down his pallid cheeks for the rest of the day. As night drew near his fever returned, and he talked incoherently and without ceasing. His whole life passed in panoramic review before him—his experiences, his love and jealousy, the duel which caused the loss of his friend; then the death of his young, beautiful, gay but senseless wife; the ruin of his fortune, and the noble heroism of his idolized child—all were pictured in glowing colors to his fervid imagination, till exhausted by mental suffering, the old man's eyes gradually closed, and he seemed to sleep.

"He is very ill," the doctor whispered low. "His daughter should be sent for."

"Yes! I shall be very glad to see my daughter," he said, starting up suddenly; "but you need not send; for she is even now coming—she is here!"

He had not ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Cécile entered the house.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of the young girl on hearing of the fatal accident to her father. But the habit of self-control, learned in the school of adversity, soon enabled her to calm her emotion; and in a few moments she was alone with her father, sitting by his pillow, with a sweet, hopeful smile upon her lovely face, while his eyes looked into hers with inexpressible love and tenderness.

"God will surely bless my child and make her happy!" he said, laying his hand upon her head; "for has she not been to me an angel of light and love? Would that I could have left her in the keeping of some noble heart that would have cherished her as she deserves."

Her father's words took Cécile in imagination back to Paris; and she thought first of the marquis, then of Robert de Saintonge. Singular coincidence! the dread of a duel had, during the whole of that day, agonized her heart, while the sight of one had nearly caused her father's death. Could this be a presentiment of further trouble? What if the marquis had deceived her, and failed in his promise not to meet Robert? This thought seemed like an illumination. They have fought! Robert has been wounded, perhaps killed—poor Robert, who left her in anger—whom she loves as



Dr. Gousset giving Advice.

a brother—to whom she owes the few comforts and pleasures she has been able to give her father—whose love she could not return, as it deserved to be—Robert has been killed, and by the marquis! Did the marquis then really love her, that he could thus forfeit his word to rid himself of a rival? If so, can she ever acknowledge her love for him, and be ungrateful to the memory of her friend, her generous benefactor?

The greater part of the day was passed in these sad meditations.

"Speak to me, Cécile," said her father, when they were again alone. "Is there no one to whom your heart turns for sympathy in this season of trouble and sorrow?"

Cécile trembled violently, and knelt beside her father.

"My dear father," she sobbed, "of you alone I am now occupied; from you I desire sympathy; to you look for comfort. I have but you in this wide world."

"But, my child, I cannot leave you alone. God is calling me away from earth, and I shall very soon join her whose name you have so jealously guarded during my mental aberrations—my insanity. That has passed away, as the light of another world dawns upon my mind; and memory now brings back the form of one who, in the midst of all your sufferings, and during your hours of devoted labor, stood by you with unfailing devotion, ever ready to inspire hope and confidence in the future—ever near to cheer and comfort. Tomorrow I will send for the Chevalier de Saintonge—for Robert, as he would have you call him—and,



having placed my child under his protection, I will die in peace."

Just then a letter was placed in her hand, and Céleste, recognising the handwriting of the chevalier, exclaimed with joy, "Safe! he is safe! I was not deceived!"

"Who is safe?" asked the old man, surprised at her emotion.

But the young girl, who had continued reading the letter, became pale as a statue—she shuddered—the paper dropped from her hands, and she fell fainting on the floor.

## CHAPTER II.

THE marquise, occupied by many other objects of deeper interest, had nearly forgotten the events of the preceding night. Sleep is certainly "tired nature's sweet restorer," and renews our wasted strength after both mental and bodily fatigue; but it cannot remove the heart's secret sorrow. Robert, though calm outwardly, suffered, perhaps, still more than at the moment he heard of Céleste's departure. He passed the whole night in writing to her. He determined to see her no more. He would visit Paris, France, Europe, and fly to the end of the world; but first he would let her know that henceforth she was to the marquise and himself an object of pity, of contempt! These were terrible words to write, and he hesitated to put them on paper, but having once summoned courage and resolution to do so, he repeated them again and again.

At the first appearance of daylight he sought the marquise and rushed into his room, pushing aside the valet, who refused to admit him.

"I have come to beg a last favor of you," he said, throwing himself into a chair and holding out the letter in his hand. "I shall not go this evening to Vincennes; I will not accept the sacrifice you have offered me; I give up Céleste, and with her all hopes of future happiness; I am going away—where I know not, but go I must, and have written to Céleste to that effect."

"Well, throw your letter into the post, my dear fellow," the marquise replied, getting up in ill-humor.

"I have just come from the Rue Platrière," Robert continued. "Céleste has not yet returned; it seems she finds much to amuse her at Vincennes. Your friend Rieux knows the house she visits there; perhaps he will do me the favor to write the address on this letter, which, no doubt, will give her much pleasure and add greatly to the enjoyment of which she went in pursuit."

"That requires a little reflection," the marquise said, turning over the package placed in his hand.

"You need not fear, I have written nothing which will interfere with the amusement which you and Rieux anticipate this evening. I leave you to the enjoyment of it, for I am going. Adieu!"

"Stop! What the deuce are you about?" exclaimed the marquise, jumping out of bed and placing himself guard before the door. "You are truly a strange being!"

"You are right," Robert said, in a tone of deep sadness; "and yet I am far more wretched than strange."

The marquise looked earnestly at his friend, and was now surprised and pained to see the change which one night of intense suffering had wrought upon him. The two men, once rivals, now sincere friends, talked long and earnestly together, and the result was that Robert returned home to prepare for his departure.

The cruel letter was, however, sent, and we have seen its effect upon the unhappy girl, who, though wounded in every feeling most sacred to her, yet yielded but a few moments to the emotions of her tender, loving heart. She soon recovered, and her force of character sustained her.

"Will Robert come?" asked her father, who, in his anxiety for his child, about to be left alone and friendless, cherished the hope of placing her under the protection of one who would shield her from rude contact with the world.

"Yes, my father," she replied; "and he will not come alone. He will bring the Marquis de Maucombe, his friend and mine."

"Maucombe!" the old man repeated, as if the name was familiar to him. "I once had a friend of that name, but it was a long time ago—long ago," he continued to murmur, looking at his child as she leaned lovingly over him. Then smiling upon her, he drew her to him, kissed earnestly her brow, her lips, then looking up to heaven, his hand gradually released hers, his eyes closed, a sweet smile settled upon his whole face, and the old man slept the calm long sleep of death.

The young girl stood and watched her father for some time, but, overwhelmed by the sad reality of her position, and unaccustomed to such scenes, she observed not the change that had come over him. Scarcely conscious what she did, she sat down and wrote three notes. The first, to the marquise, ran thus:

"Monsieur—The Count de Mameys begs the Marquis de Maucombe to call this evening, that he may thank him for the interest he has shown in his daughter, Céleste de Mameys."

"The Marquis de Maucombe will excuse the request made by the Count de Mameys, who is prevented by his great age from calling upon the marquise."

In a postscript was added:

"Do not refuse my poor father this proof of your friendship. He is extremely ill at Vincennes, at the house of M. Duchesne, near the forest."

"CÉLESTE DE MAMEYS."

The other notes were more easily written, and occupied less time:

"Chevalier—My father, who is dying, would himself reply to your letter with his last breath. Come this evening, without fail. To-morrow, perhaps, will be too late."

"CÉLESTE."

"My good Doctor—Come to my assistance. Your poor friend, my dear father, had a terrible fall yesterday. M. Duchesne and the house physician declare him in great danger. My hope is in you alone. You, perhaps, can save him. Come

to our relief. You, who have been so kind to us both, will not refuse my request."

"Dr. Gousset, Rue du Babylonne, Avenue des Invalides."

Having dispatched her notes, she again took her place by her father's side. How peacefully he sleeps! She cannot hear him breathe. She leans over him and gazes earnestly into his face; she takes his hand within her own, it chills her by its touch; calls upon him by the most endearing names, as in days of old, when a happy child, she had climbed upon his knee, and by her sweet smiles and innocent prattling had chased away the clouds gathering over his path, herself all unconscious of the storm so soon to break over her young life. But the old man can no longer hear the voice of his sorrowing child, he has already awakened, with restored and quickened intellect, in the full light of the higher life.

## CHAPTER III.

THE marquise, impatient of the many incidents connected with an affair in which he no longer took any other interest than that induced by a sincere sympathy for De Saintonge, at seeing Céleste's signature, read the note over carelessly, saying:

"I am really glad to see to her father and not a lover that Mademoiselle Céleste took her evening walk. She now stands acquitted, and will again be reinstated in the most sacred niche of the *preux Chevalier de Saintonge's* heart, as the pure and saintly lady of his worship. But as to Monsieur de Mameys, he will have to wait for me this evening, for I shall be forced to deny myself the pleasure of visiting him till some future time."

The name, however, sounded familiar to him, and by degrees awakened old remembrances.

"Strange," he said, "if this Count de Mameys should be of the same family as my late uncle's old friend and companion of whom he has so often spoken to me. He was noblehearted, genial and truly magnanimous, and it was through him that my good uncle obtained the hand of my dear aunt, who was as a mother to me. Truly, if Céleste's father is a relative of his, or if it should prove to be himself, I should be grieved and mortified, for the nephew has made a strange return for the kindness and friendship shown to his uncle. This is worth following up."

We will now return to Robert, who had passed the whole day in making preparations for his departure, and at night found himself as little prepared as in the morning. Unwilling to go, every little obstacle was made a great cause for delay.

Never had he loved Céleste so truly, so devotedly, as now; and never had his love caused him so much suffering. It was no longer Céleste with whom he was annoyed; he was angry with himself; of his own conduct he was ashamed, and he would gladly have recalled that letter, every word of which he now felt was a cruel insult to her he professed to love, had not *mauvaise honte*, and a little lurking feeling of jealousy restrained him.

Just then Céleste's note, so explicit and yet so laconic, was brought to him. His letter had been received, and oh! at a time when she was in sorrow, keeping watch by her dying father. It was for that father she had labored, and desired wealth; it was with him she had passed the night, trying to soothe and comfort his last moments; to him were made those mysterious visits; and he, Robert de Saintonge, who should have understood and appreciated her character, had been the first to doubt and accuse her.

"How like a mean, cowardly wretch I have acted!" he exclaimed, as all these thoughts rushed with lightning speed into his troubled mind; "Céleste, dear, injured girl, can you forget my blind, unpardonable jealousy? But I must—and will obtain your forgiveness!"

Doctor Gousset, notwithstanding his great distance from Vincennes, was the first to obey Céleste's call; but not in time to find the Count de Mameys alive.

The poor girl could not be persuaded at first to leave the chamber of death, wishing to remain alone with him who had been her only tie on earth. But she yielded at length to the good doctor's solicitations, and with great effort resumed, in appearance at least, her usual calmness.

"Doctor," said the young girl, looking up into the face of her friend with that affectionate trust so beautiful from the young to those of riper years; "will you let me now look to you as unto a second father, for the advice I so much need in this trying moment? I am resigned, but my heart is very sad."

The doctor, moved by this touching appeal from one so young and friendless, took the orphan girl under his protection; and having drawn from her the whole story of her life (her devotion to her father he already knew, having witnessed it), she proceeded with all the eloquence of grief to speak of her gratitude to the Chevalier de Saintonge, and the less absorbing interest, as she expressed it, she felt for the graceful and gallant marquise. Her old friend believing himself at once initiated into the mysteries of the young girl's heart, exclaimed:

"Well! my child, I understand it all; you love the Chevalier de Saintonge more than you think; more than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself."

"Not so, my friend," Céleste replied, while the color mounted her cheeks; "you are indeed mistaken."

"But I am sure of it," he replied. "Believe me, I am a very keen observer, and feel confident it is as I say."

Céleste made no reply, but with averted eyes and grateful heart, listened to the good man's expressions of sincere sympathy.

"And now, my true friend," she said, when he had done speaking; "my father's death has overflowed my cup of affliction. It has dispelled the last illusion of my life. I once believed myself es-

teemed, respected at least, by Monsieur de Saintonge; but read," she said, giving him the chevalier's cruel letter, and no longer able to restrain her tears.

The doctor read the letter twice, slowly, and as if taking in the implied meaning of every word; then suddenly and without speaking, tore it into a thousand pieces, which he threw to the winds; Céleste meanwhile staring at him in mute astonishment.

"Nothing is now left of that document," he said, when his work of destruction was finished.

"Oh yes, my friend, for every word is written here," she replied, placing her trembling hand upon her heart, "and nothing can efface the impression. Monsieur de Maucombe will perhaps be here soon; and it may be Robert, too, will come. Receive them for me, in my father's room; may they both regret their unworthy suspicions, but tell them, my friend, that to them both I am as one dead. They have dared dispute my love; they have even appropriated me as a piece of property to be bought and sold; and Robert, to whom I confided every sorrow but that which concerned my father, he has wounded my sense of delicacy, my refinement, my love of all which I have been taught intuitively to revere and cherish most. Perhaps in the future, I may rise before him as a memory of the past; something that has been, and is no more; or a strain of music heard in departed years. But Monsieur de Maucombe will forgive me," she continued, in a lower tone, "no remembrance of me will linger in his heart; and as the light autumn leaf is wafted by the breeze, leaving no trace behind, so shall the memory of Céleste pass away, while she, having bid farewell to the outer world, seeks peace within the consecrated walls of the cloister."

"My dear child," interrupted the good doctor, "I can well understand your feelings; but cannot listen to such a sad determination. You have asked my protection, and I therefore claim the right to advise—to change your purpose."

"Oh! my dear old friend, my mother's image is indelibly impressed upon my heart. She loved—even as I have—and, how cruelly she suffered! No! no," she continued, as if communing with her own heart; "I was loved as a young, nameless, unknown and unprotected girl, but as Céleste de Mameys I shall perhaps be shunned. No, no, God will soon reunite me to the loved ones who have gone before."

## CHAPTER IV.

Few are my years and yet I feel  
The world was never designed for me.—Byron.

EIGHTEEN months have passed since the day when the good doctor, over the remains of his departed friend, related to the marquise and the chevalier the noble conduct of his devoted daughter. It required no great oratorical effort to interest his two auditors. It was enough to speak the plain unvarnished tale. Céleste, when scarcely fifteen, had seen her mother die of grief, and her father suddenly become a confirmed lunatic. In his capacity of physician, he had watched the young girl in all her efforts to provide for her father; and he had, himself, advised the mystery with which she had surrounded herself, so as to elude the demands of the law against duelling. He ended by explaining why Céleste had been obliged to visit her father only at night, because that was the only time when he enjoyed lucid intervals. This recital made a great impression on his two listeners; one a passionate lover; the other, noble-hearted and generous, notwithstanding the gay life he led. The marquise, from accounts given by the doctor, of the Count de Mameys' early life, had no longer any doubt that he beheld the remains of his uncle's beloved friend.

"Since Mademoiselle de Mameys will not see me," he said to the doctor, "do me the favor to say to her that I claim, in my uncle's name and my own, the honor of carrying out all that your friendship would suggest for her."

"Mademoiselle de Mameys has decided to forsake the world and retire to a convent," the doctor replied with sadness.

"No!" the chevalier exclaimed, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had relapsed. "It cannot be! this must not take place, by all that is sacred!"

"But she is inexorable, my friends; she has declared it here over the remains of her father." Céleste, protected, though against her wish, by the family of the marquise, had easily gained admission to the royal Abbey of Notre Dame du Val de Grâce. She refused to see both the chevalier and the marquise.

All the good doctor's discernment could not penetrate the secrets of that young heart. He still believed her wholly occupied by the chevalier, whose lot, cruel and unkind as it was, had, for a time, placed a barrier between them. Sanguine himself, he still encouraged Robert to hope, and the marquise, who now sincerely desired the success of his former rival, and had not the least suspicion that he held any place in Céleste's heart, or influenced her determination, did all in his power to encourage the chevalier with confidence in the ultimate accomplishment of his wishes.

"You will not surely remain inexorable," wrote the impassioned lover. Oh! Céleste, think of my long devotion—forget wherein I have erred—and above all, remember the double blessing that awaits the merciful. Believe me, the day on which I lose the hope that now sustains me will be the last of my life."

"God has decided for me," the young girl said to her old friend, after reading Robert's last letter. "I must fulfil my vow. In eight days the sacrifice will be accomplished. Let the chevalier remain ignorant of the fact as long as possible. I shall pray for his happiness—as for me, I accept suffering as my lot. Tell him," she added, with a look, the full meaning of which the doctor could never understand—"tell him to learn from the Marquis de Maucombe how to forget."

Dr. Gousset, still strongly convinced that Céleste loved the chevalier, advised him to wait patiently, and even succeeded in persuading him to leave Paris for a short time, and find relief in change of scene. The doctor then had an interview with Céleste's confessor, and obtained from him the promise that the ceremony of taking the veil should be postponed as long as possible, and that meanwhile he would try to discover whether she really felt called to the vocation she was about to enter, or whether it was a mere passing fancy of a youthful imagination. The good father confessor fulfilled his promise, and reported to the doctor that the young girl who asked again if any feeling lingered in her heart, which might cause her at some future time to regret the irrevocable step she was about to take, had appeared troubled, and asked if she could not at the last moment, without giving cause for scandal, renounce if she chose, the accomplishment of an act which she then felt fully disposed to ratify.

"Oh! woman, woman," soliloquised the doctor while waiting in the parlor of the convent, on the eve of the day appointed for the grand ceremony. "Who can fathom the mysteries of a woman's heart?" and the good old man walked the room in a state of excitement, muttering: "We shall see that Mademoiselle de Mameys will wait till she is covered to-morrow with the symbolic pall, before she returns to the world and accepts the love of the Chevalier de Saintonge."

He found Céleste restless and unhappy, and was almost tempted to make a last appeal in favor of Robert, but controlled himself, fearing to excite the spirit of opposition, which, according to one of his pet theories, formed the basis of the female character. He was about to leave, at a loss to imagine why Céleste had desired to see him, when she called him back, and said in a voice scarcely audible:

"I am told Monsieur de Maucombe is to be married soon."

"I have not heard of it; and certainly if it were true all Paris would know it."

The young girl bowed her head low, trying to conceal the joy that lit up her pale face, as we see the highest snow-capped mountains in Alpine regions suddenly illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

"Will he be present at the ceremony?" she asked, timidly.

"No! he feared his presence might cause unpleasant remarks—might not be expected—I mean," continued the old gentleman, embarrassed and scarcely knowing how to shape his reply. "I confess I requested him not to come. But his mother, his sisters and the whole family will be there."

"It is my wish he should be present," Céleste replied, with more excitement in her tone than she intended to express; then eagerly asked: "Are you sure Monsieur de Saintonge has quitted Paris?"

"Very sure!" replied the doctor, who now regretted it was so—"I accompanied him three days since on the way to Lyons."

"I thank you!" murmured Céleste, and holding out her hand to her old friend, "adieu!" she said, "to-morrow—to-morrow!"

Returning to her cell, the young girl sank on her knees in prayer:

"O God! let me read one regret, one look of pity, of tenderness in his eyes, and I would implore thee to restore me to happiness and life!"

And now the eventful day has come at last. The bells of the royal abbey gaily announce the mystic marriage of Christ's new bride. The large outer court of the convent of Val de Grâce is filled with splendid equipages; the candidate for the veil is young and beautiful; the officiating priest who will address her and offer the consolations of the church is noted for his thrilling eloquence, and the Maucombe family has left nothing undone to render the ceremony grand and imposing. It is mid-winter, and the snow is falling thick and fast. A traveller, wrapped in a large mantle, was walking with difficulty up the Rue St. Jacques. He stopped near the abbey, and listened to the solemn knell which mingled with the festal chiming of the bells.

"I have kept my promise," he said, speaking to himself, "and have now but one regret—which is, that I have deceived the good doctor in making him think I had faith in his friendly professions. One more effort and I will have forgotten all fatigue, and all my troubles will be ended."

The church of Val de Grâce—which now looks empty and deserted—was on that day filled with a gay and brilliant crowd. The narrow enclosure of the outer choir was occupied by the Marquis de Maucombe and the members of his family, who, with Dr. Gousset, represented that of Mademoiselle de Mameys. Sweet, solemn music was heard at intervals from behind the silken curtain hung over the gilded railing, which, even in our time, separates the outer from the inner choir. The traveller halted at the door of the church and shook the snow from his ample cloak. Meanwhile a carriage was rapidly advancing towards the broad steps at the entrance of the sacred building; when it stopped, a young man in a complete suit of black jumped out, and was met by our traveller, who stopped him at the door, and whispered:

"Many thanks, Monsieur Damécourt; you see I am punctual."

"No nonsense, remember, Monsieur le Chevalier," the young man replied. "I could not for the world have it known that I was bold enough to pity you, or encourage this romantic adventure. Maucombe would never forgive me."

"You need not fear," the chevalier replied quietly. "I would but see and hear for myself how far a woman's obstinacy will lead her."

"Very well. Now you are a reasonable man. I knew I should convince you. Besides, my dear chevalier, I know it from good authority that this affair will end in a scene. Mademoiselle de Mameys aims at producing an effect. When she is ex-



pected to answer 'yes,' she will be sure to say 'no.' Only two or three of us are in the secret of this coup de theatre."

De Saintonge pressed the hand of the young exquisite, and each then glided unperceived to different parts of the nave of the church. The chevalier leaning against a pillar, and nearly hid by the crowd in the inner choir, watching the curtain which concealed the nuns from the gaze of the assembled multitude.

The mysterious curtain is now slowly removed, and a young girl, supported on each side by a nun, advances to the last step of the altar, where she kneels at the feet of the archbishop and receives his blessing. Every eye in that vast crowd is bent upon her. The deepest silence reigns throughout the superb edifice. Mademoiselle de Mamers has laid aside the rich dress provided by her noble patroness for the august occasion, and appears in her simple toilette of the Rue Platrière, when she was only known as Cécile, the young portrait painter. She looks pale and changed, but kneeling there, her lovely head bowed low, and her light graceful figure trembling with emotion, she reminds one of a beautiful frail lily bending beneath a summer shower. She has caught a glimpse of the marquis, calm, pale and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon her. Perhaps she has also heard a deep, half-suppressed sigh, and knows it comes from a devoted heart, for now the last faint tinge forsakes her cheek, and when the venerable archbishop, in a voice clear and distinctly audible, asks according to the usual form of the ceremony: "Marie Cécile Gauthier de Mamers, do you promise to answer in truth and verity the questions put to you?"

Some moments of deep silence ensue before the words—

"I do promise, holy father," are heard like the faint dying echoes of a voice far off.

"Is it of your own free will and unbiased judgment that you are now here?"

Another interval of hushed expectation. Good Dr. Goussier, almost as much agitated as the young girl, thinks of Robert, and murmurs: "She hesitates—she will give out!"

Cécile's eyes seek those of the marquis, then they become fixed on the altar, and she replies in broken accents:

"Yes, my father, of my own desire and free will."

The archbishop now proceeds to the third and last interrogation.

"Marie Cécile de Mamers, do you promise henceforth to serve God in purity of life, and through poverty and under all circumstances to yield him cheerful obedience?"

The doctor sees her cast a hurried glance around, looking faint, and seemingly ready to fall. He is about to rush forward to her assistance, when suddenly she recovers herself, and her voice is heard clear and sweet—

"Yes, holy father, I do promise!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken when a deep groan is heard from the entrance of the choir. The people spring to their feet, and crowd around a young man who has plunged a dagger in his breast.

The young girl turns—she has seen all, and guessed the whole truth.

"Oh, God! I have killed him!" she exclaims, falling back into the doctor's arms. "Why, oh, why, could I not have loved him!"

The next day the remains of the Chevalier de Saintonge were removed to Paris; and on the following day the good doctor received the last sigh of Cécile de Mamers, the young and beautiful portrait painter.

THE END.

## GEN. GRANT IN A COUNCIL OF WAR

At Massaponax Church.

THERE have been few mere groupings in the illustrations of the present war. The public calls for action, and our battle scenes cannot be painted in the stereotyped fashion of European art, where a group of mounted officers, glass in hand, overlook, from a rising ground, the work of death below. Even Meisener, free by his reputation to carve out a new path, durst not depart from the old idea in his Battle of Solferino.

Our illustrated papers have opened a new path, and its influence is felt in Europe. It has been remarked, and justly, that the recent illustrations in the foreign papers of the Danish war resemble our American battles. The scenery is given truthfully, the moving masses of men, the steady progress of the shot and shell of the great guns, with the cloud of the volleys of small arms, the rising dust, all are now given. Formerly a few officers made a battle, now we see armies contending, and can recognize the spot.

Yet, perhaps, we overdo this. The sketch which we give of Gen. Grant at Massaponax Church deserves to live in history. Spottsylvania had been left and the Mattaponi crossed. At Massaponax Church Gen. Grant stopped with his staff and Gen. Meade did the same. Warren came up with his staff, and under the trees, on the church benches, a council of war was held. The fine spirited grouping of men, who 100 years hence will be the heroes of American enthusiasm, inspired the photographer, and his success in producing a fine picture cannot be denied. At the foot of the two trees sat Grant, and beside him the more towering form of Meade. Rawlins lies studying the map on the right, and Warren, who was the last comer, seems similarly engaged. On the bench to the left Burnside will easily be detected, and on the bench to the right we cannot guess far astray in placing Sheridan and Pleasanton. How many a deed of fame, how many a battlefield won with glory come up to the mind as we gaze on these men! Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Newbern, South Mountain, Antietam, with the varied scenes of two months' battle still going on, come to our lips and minds. In these careless, hazy, these scarce military dresses, devoid of all but the faintest show of rank, are the true heroes of a republic.

A HISTORICAL BALE OF COTTON.—When the steamer Lexington was burnt in Long Island Sound, Jan. 13, 1864, David Crowley, of this city, second mate, was saved on a bale of cotton, upon which he drifted two days and two nights, and finally went ashore at Riverhead, L. I. This bale of cotton Mr. Crowley has preserved with religious care until the present time, but the price of the staple to-day has brought out the sacred relic, and it is placed in the hands of Mr. S. R. Simmons, South Water street, for sale. It is of remarkable quality, and the 300 lb. bale is worth from \$400 to \$500.

## THREE SONNETS.

BY MRS. KEMBLE.

I.

SHE has gone down! They shout it from afar,  
Kings, Nobles, Priests—all men of every race,  
Whose lingering clogs Time's swift relentless  
pace.

She has gone down! Our evil-boding star!  
Rebellion, smitten with Rebellion's sword,  
Anarchy, done to death by Slavery—  
Of Ancient Right, arrogant enemy,  
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war  
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had ab-  
horred.

The lawless band, who would call no man lord,  
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free  
Her rabble rule's licentious tyranny,  
In the fierce splendor of her insolent morn,  
She has gone down—the world's eternal scorn!

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world! and all  
Its weary workers looking from afar  
To the clear rising of that hopeful star.  
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall  
Of Pow'r decrepit, and of Rule outworn;  
Beautiful dawning of that blessed morn,  
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,  
To work and eat, to labor and to thrive,  
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.

She has gone down! Woe for the panting world  
Back on its path of progress sternly hurled.  
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,  
Home of all highest hopes—Time's richest birth;  
Woe for the promised land of the whole Earth!

III.

Triumph not fools, and weep not, ye faint-hearted;  
Have ye believed that the divine decree  
Of Heaven had giv'n this people o'er to periah?  
Have ye believed that God would cease to  
cherish

This great New World of Christian liberty?  
And that our light for ever had departed?  
Nay—by the precious blood shed to redeem  
The nation from its selfishness and sin,

By each true heart that burst in holy strife,  
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;  
By all the tears that will not cease to stream  
For ever, every desolate home within,  
We will return to our appointed place,  
First in the vanguard of the human race.

## Love's Martyr.

ON the banks of the Loire stood a little cottage, half hidden in leafy vines and brilliant blossoms, a very paradise of bloom and fragrance. Milkwhite doves nestled under its deep thatches, and restless birds flashed their bright plumage in and out among the tangled vines. From its square little windows could be seen the tranquil river, rippling on through emerald-green meadows and stretches of shadowy woodland; but in all the fair country through which it wandered there was not so dainty a cottage as this one. It was spring, and all the pleasant fields of France were carpeted with flowers. Yet the hearts of the people were sad. It was the beginning of Napoleon's war with Russia, and already a presentiment of that unfortunate expedition had stolen into the public mind.

One bright day in early April the conscription commenced, and no sadder heart could beat than that of Clarice Fontenoy, in her cottage by the Loire. All that woe-filled morning she sat by the open window, idle, for she could not work, gazing, with wistful eyes, down the road, by which those who should be conscripted were to come. What if her betrothed should be among them?

She was not alone, opposite her, with a brow almost as sorrowful as her own, sat Annette, the light-hearted village beauty, not gay to-day, since her lover's fate was also to be decided, for conscripts were regarded as men condemned to certain death, and very few were those who returned from Napoleon's campaigns. In silence they waited, quietly, sorrowful Clarice and weeping Annette.

At last the shrill tones of the fife and the monotonous beating of the drum announced that the villagers were returning, none of them too happy, since, if they themselves were free, their comrades were not. For the first time tears dimmed the gentle eyes of Clarice as she rose and followed Annette to the door. Even before she could distinguish one form from another in the procession she felt sure that he had not escaped. And she was right. Among the little band of conscripts walked Jacques, while François, Annette's betrothed, opened his arms smilingly to receive her from among those who were saved.

Not so Jacques. With melancholy steps he entered the cottage, to bid farewell to the little one who was to have been his wife. Despite his firmness, his voice trembled as he pressed her to his heart, and said:

"I leave you now, Clarice, but I trust not for ever. If I do return, I am yours; if I fall, I am still yours, for love like ours can never fade. I have neither father nor mother to think of when away; you alone shall fill my heart. I feel a hope springing up in my love—that I shall return in safety and that we shall yet be happy."

Poor little Clarice could only embrace him in silence, and when at last he was compelled to tear himself away she went to her little bedroom, and, kneeling at her bedside, looking up to the blue sky, where the blessed saints are ever waiting to hear the pious, she commended her lover to their care, and prayed for his welfare. And thus every day after that did she pray for her absent lover, every morning when she rose, and every night ere she laid down to take her rest.

As for Annette, that mischievous one was happy, for only a few days after the departure of the conscripts the village was resounding with music and adorned with garlands to celebrate her nuptials.

Early in the morning the villagers, old and young, assembled on the green to escort the young couple to the ivy-covered church, where they were married. Among the bridesmaids stood a young girl, too unselfish not to rejoice at her friend's happiness, but whose heart was not there, but far away, with her Jacques, on the borders of the Rhine, then about to reddens with the blood of angry armies.

It is May, and even in the cities all is sweet and fresh, while in villages and meadows the scent of new-mown hay fills the air, and village maidens and their lovers frolic among it. Some steal behind a favorite lad or lass and pile a little mountain of the fragrant hay upon their heads, then run away to provoke the other to chase them for the sake of a kiss.

One sad, sweet voice is alone heard; it comes from the little cottage, and it says:

"The swallows have come again; I see mine in their nest up there; they have not been separated as we have been; they fly down to take their food from my hand. Their glossy necks have still the ribbons that Jacques tied round them at my last birthday. They loved Jacques, and are now looking for him and wondering where he is. Poor little birds! Jacques is not here; you may flutter round his chair, but he is far away. I weep for him alone, for friendship flies from tears. But stay with me, little birds, my room is sunny, and here none can harm you. Stay, and I can talk to you about Jacques, for you cared for him and loved him; he also loved you, for you were my pets."

Thus the lonely orphan mourned, and in spite of her efforts to resist her sorrow for the sake of her kind old uncle, who loved her tenderly, having brought her up from infancy as his own child, still the despondency undermined her health. She felt assured, she said to her uncle, that Jacques was dead, for he had not written to her but once since his departure, and that was on the road.

"Alas! my lover is dead," she cried, "for he would never let me suffer the agonies of suspense if he were not."

At last she grew so ill that the good priest said the next Sunday from the altar: "Death is hovering over a young sufferer. Good souls, pray for the departing Clarice."

And the villagers, old and young, prayed and wept, for Clarice was to the old as a daughter, and to the young as a sister. She had always a tear or a smile for those who needed either. But she was not doomed to die then, for the next morning her uncle entered her cottage, and bending over her, whispered a few words to the almost dying girl. Magic words they were, for her blue eyes brightened, and her pallid cheek flushed; day by day she grew better, and in a week's time she could walk about. She did not even feel sad as she looked in the glass and saw a face that she could scarcely believe her own, so pale and thin it was. In another week she was quite well; all about her wondered at her magic cure; but a stranger thing than this has happened—another passion has taken possession of her heart; the love of money. The hoarding together of money now seems to be her only thought; all day she sits by the little window, knitting and sewing, and as the neighbors pass and see her pretty fingers fly so swiftly, they say: "Clarice will be rich some day if she goes on like this; see, she does not even take care of her flowers; what is happening?"

They are right. She is making money fast, and every day she counts her store, and is happy.

A year passes, and still she toils on; at times her eyes grow dim, and her poor hands drop by side while her wheel stands still; but a thought revives her—it is, that she is working for Jacques. She is again strong, and works with renewed energy. She had already saved a great deal of money, when one day her uncle was brought home by two men, very ill. It is his last sickness, and Clarice puts her wheel away and thinks only of her dear uncle, for besides Jacques, she has no one else in the world. She sat by him, read to him, prayed for him, and, though her heart now was doubly afflicted, smiled and chatted gaily; and when he felt a little better she would sing his favorite songs, while the old man thought her hourly more of an angel than ever. But one night he felt that his time was come, and sent for the good priest. When he came he commended Clarice to his care, and then with a last, loving glance up into her tearful eyes, he died. When the funeral was over Clarice sold everything she had, even the cottage where she was born, that dear cottage in which her mother died, and where she had just closed her uncle's kind eyes. It caused her heart a great pang, but she sold all, except a pretty green silk gown, in which Jacques loved to see her dressed, and a little gold cross which her mother had round her neck when she died.

Then she collects all her gold together, and takes it to the curé, saying:

"Holy father, here is all I have; now write and beg the release of my betrothed. Do not let him know who has purchased it, for I know his heart will tell him. As for me, I shall work now with a light heart, and earn more money, so do not fear for me—but oh! in mercy restore to me my first and only love."

The priest was much touched—he blessed Clarice for her goodness, and wrote to Paris, to get Jacques restored to liberty, sending the money to the prefect to pay for his release.

Clarice tripped back to the little room she had hired, and having prayed, dreamt that she was standing at the altar with her Jacques.

Another six months passed. Clarice had worked and saved enough to furnish a little cottage—besides, her goodness had been noised abroad—though not by her—and she was more beloved than ever before.

Still her heart at times grew very sad; and one day when she was in her little bedroom it grew so heavy that she wept, and kneeling down, prayed, "Holy Saints, grant me to see my Jacques once more before I die, for I now long for death, but cannot die until I have seen him."

As she rose from her knees she saw the priest

hastening to her cottage, his face radiant with joy. As he came near he said:

"My daughter, the day of your reward approaches—prepare your heart to receive it; Jacques is free, and is now on his way to the village; to-morrow he will be here. When he hears that you have rescued him from his slavery, he will know what it is to be loved by a saint like you."

Clarice knelt down at the good priest's knees and thanked God with all her soul, the tears running from her beaming eyes, and bathing her face in the sunlight as though it were a glory from heaven.

The morrow comes—the villagers, rejoicing with her, are in their best. They are all assembled at the little triangular green which intersects the road that Jacques must come by.

They make way tenderly and respectfully for Clarice, who approaches, attended by the curé, to welcome her lover home. She is dressed in the green gown he loved so well to see her in; and although silent, she is very happy—her lips move, for she is praying. The villagers close around her—noon is announced by the village clock—but nothing is visible except the shadows of the trees upon the road. Suddenly a black speck appears in the distance—it comes nearer—it is a horseman there are two—it is Jacques! But who is she? for it is a woman! They ride up to where the priest and Clarice stand surrounded by the villagers. Jacques is strangely confused and avoids meeting the eyes of those around him.

Then the priest asks in a stern voice:

"Who is that woman?"

And the soldier replied in a low tone:

"It is my wife, holy father. I am married to her."

"Wretched man," said the priest, "better thou hadst not been born; for never again will you be happy; thou art cursed of God and man—for it was Clarice who toiled for thee—it was Clarice who sold all that she had—and it was Clarice who bought thy release."

At this moment he was interrupted by a wild, shrieking laugh; it was from Clarice. Her reason had fled for ever.

That joyful laugh was the epitaph of her mind.

Silently the priest took her hand and led her away to his own home, while the villagers followed, shouting and looking scornfully on the soldier and his bride, whom they left standing alone on the bare heath, monuments of shame and remorse.

## SIGNAL STATION ON BUTLER'S ADVANCED LINE.

OUR Artist sends a sketch of a signal station in the advance of Gen. Butler's lines, protected by Follet's battery, but so exposed that Gen. Butler, recently, while making his observations here attracted attention, and shell came flying thick and fast, striking at last the slight but towering structure, and bringing down some of its most necessary supports.

## THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE suddenness and celerity of Grant's movements baffle all calculation. Is he a great General or a madman? Fertile in resources, untiring, persistent to obstinacy, his movements are seldom anticipated or met. Yet here in the struggle at Petersburg he found no loophole. His splendid transfer of his army to the south of the James seemed to lay Petersburg at his feet, but he found himself met by all the scientific resources of modern engineering. The first line of rebel works on the right shown in our sketches on page 260 were carried by Burnside's corps.

The artillery in the foreground is pouring its steady shower of shot and shell on the enemy's line from the breastworks, while the troops are charging through the brush and fallen trees in double line-of-battle. The fight was in an open rolling space of ground, skirted by a belt of timber towards the city. Says a soldier:

"It was now about five o'clock p. m. We opened our battery at once and commenced shelling the rebel fort. In five minutes we had three wounded. We kept on firing for about half an hour, when our infantry, Griffin's brigade, made a charge and captured the fort, taking five guns and about 200 prisoners. We had, we found, dismounted the rebel gun by our shells."

The rebel works on the left are shown in another sketch. These, too, were carried after a desperate fight. Duncan bears the glory of the achievement. This battery taken gave us a view of Petersburg and its approaches.

The sketch on our double-page shows the position of affairs on Sunday, June 19. On either side of the City Point railroad as it winds its tortuous way to the city from the captured forts now manned by our artillery and playing with steady destruction. Further on you may discern the line of men at the breastworks, pouring in the steady volleys that send the foe reeling back. On the right an adventurous battery pushes on to do its work.

## BUZZARD'S ROOST—ROCKY FACE RIDGE—HOVEY'S GAP.

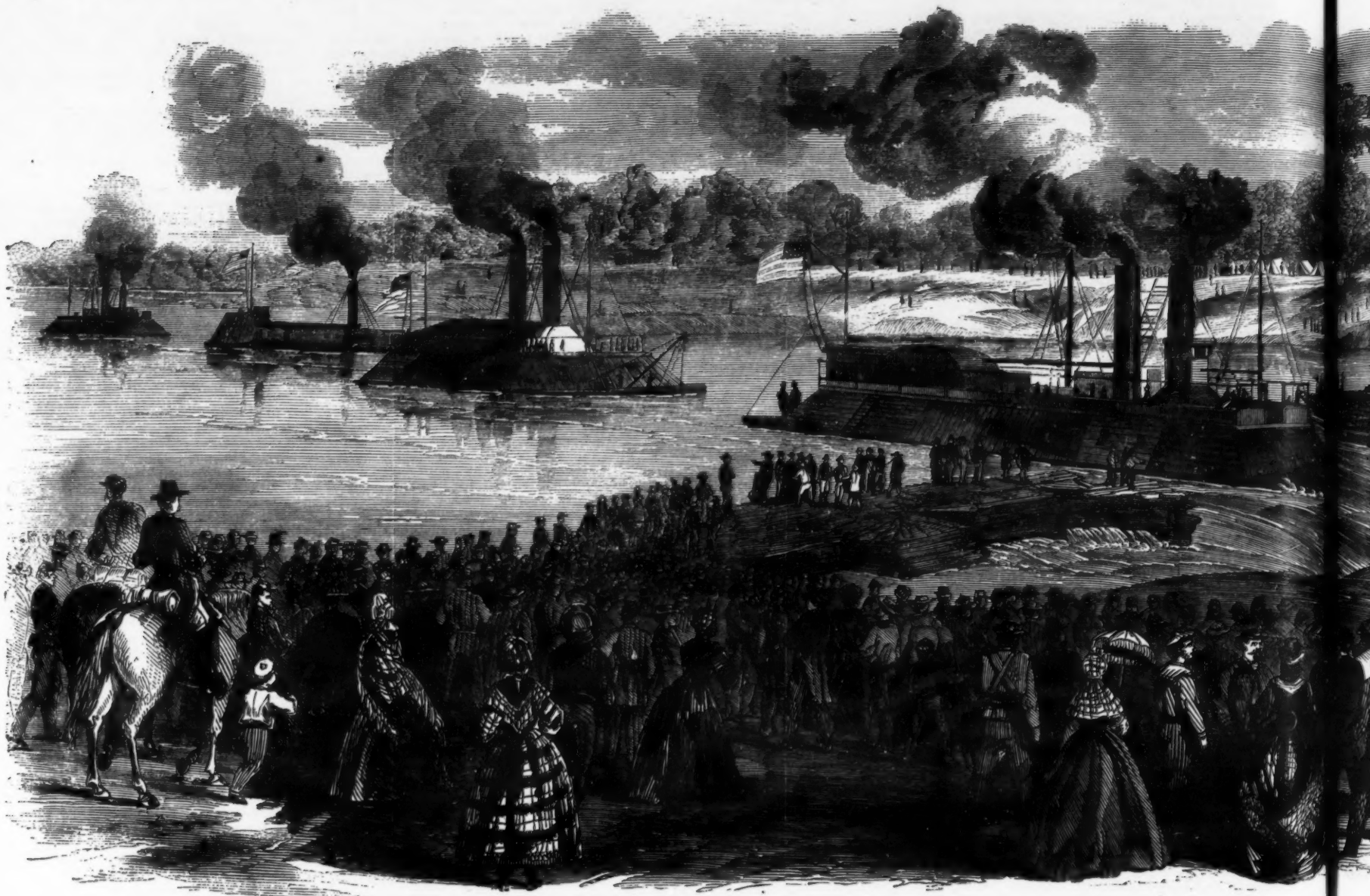
THERE never was probably since the world began a more terrible campaign than that now carried on by Sherman in his advance on Atlanta. We all know the difficulties of the field of Chattanooga, with its Lookout mountain, its Mission ridge, but Sherman, as he advanced, found still greater difficulties.

Buzzard's Roost, which no earthly power could take from resolute men, a spot where one brave heart could make a match score of men, became useless to Johnston, and we depict the abandoned camps of his reserve, which were left to the wild beasts and the elements as he drew back. Buzzard's Roost is a conical-shaped hill, rising about 800 feet above the level of the plain. It is separated from Rocky Face ridge by a tremendous gorge, through which the railroad and carload run. Here Johnston lay, his front protected by a dam and artificial lake, the heights frowning with artillery. Yet Sherman tried to reach him. His men penetrated along the mountain side till they could talk to the enemy, but could neither see nor be seen. In the rear of our picture rises the bald front of Rocky Face ridge, a most inaccessible height, almost as high as Lookout mountain and more precipitous, flanked in many parts by a perpendicular cliff 20 to 60 feet high.

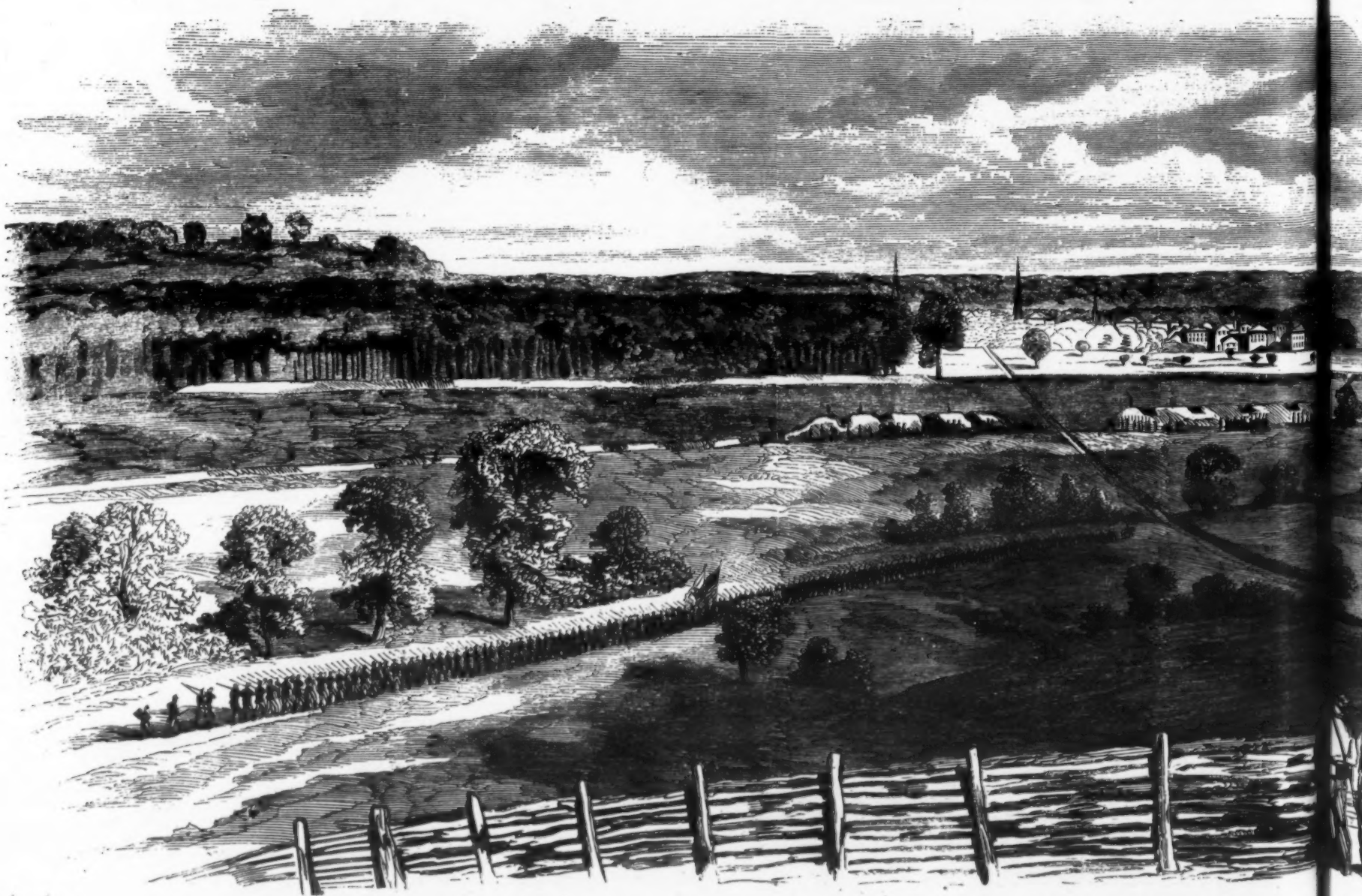
Such was the spot which Geary's gallant men, toiling up the rocky side, carried five successive times, but were destined not to hold. Our sketch includes also a north-east view of the north pass of Hovey gap.

UNTOLD BELLES.—The bellman of Watertown, Massachusetts, announces a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."



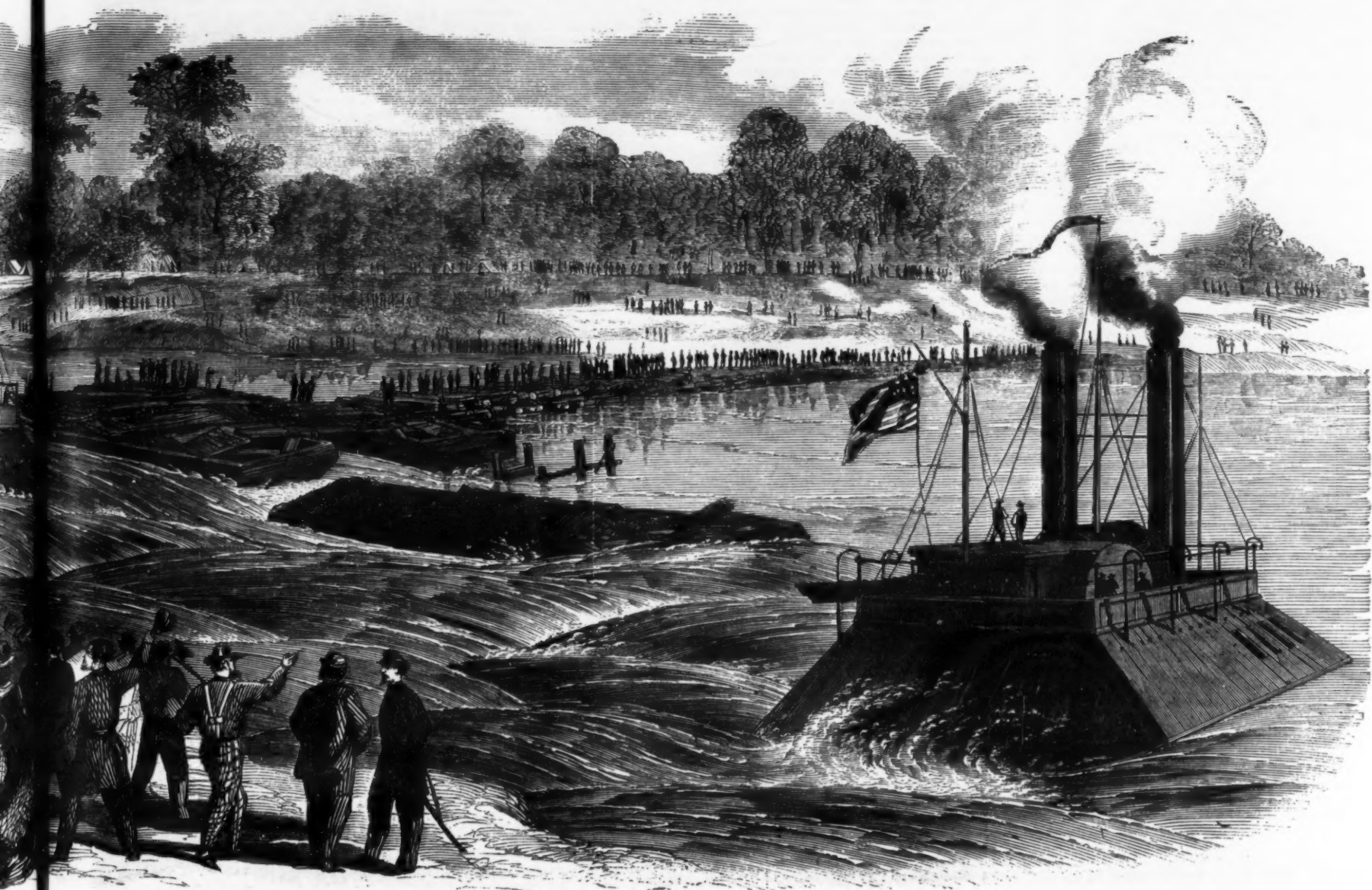


THE WAR ON THE RED RIVER—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH COL. BAILEY'S DAM ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, VIR.

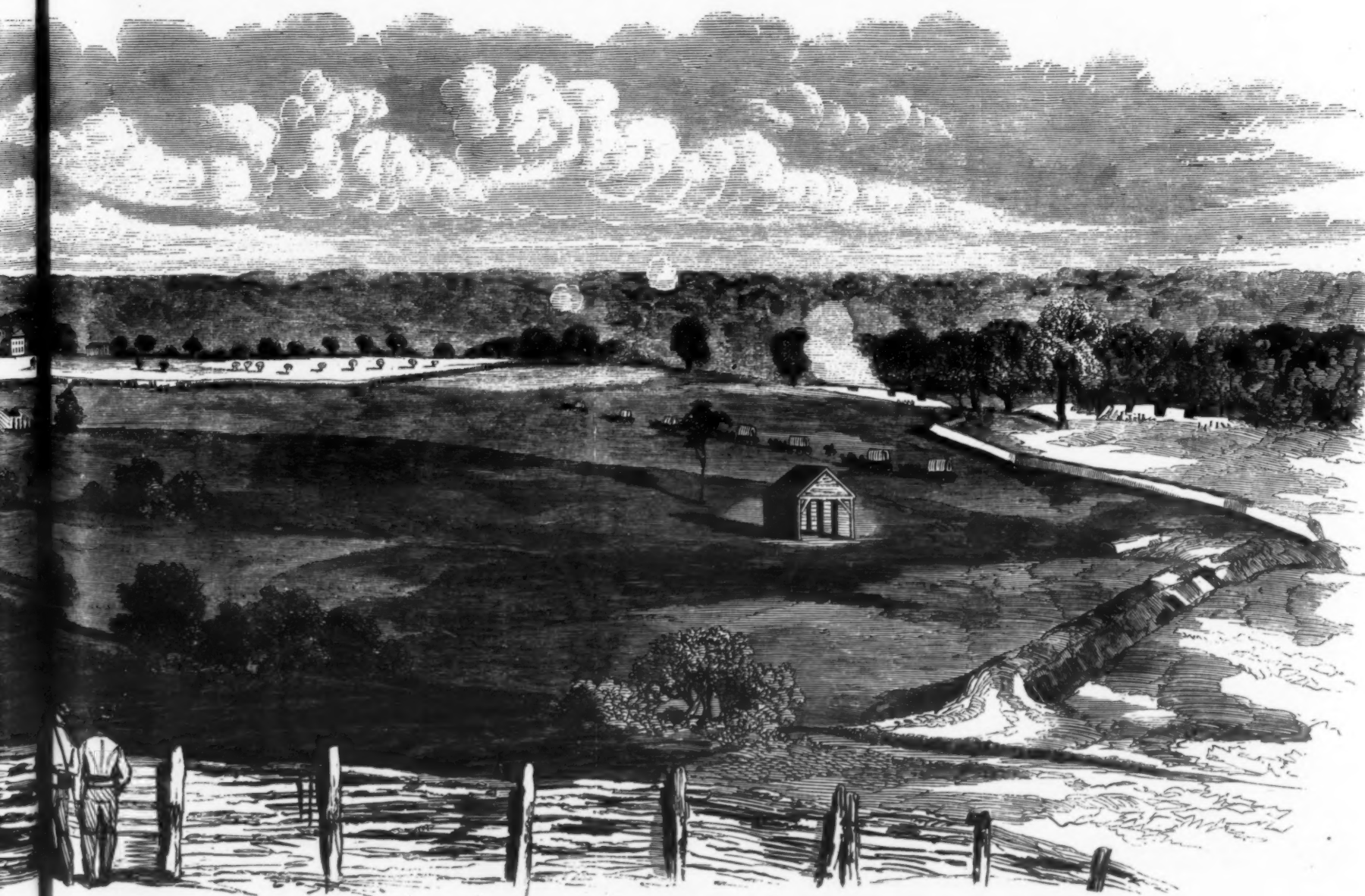


THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE ADVANCE OF THE UNION LINES ABOVE





RIA, AFTER SAFELY GETTING OVER THE RAPIDS BY ITS MEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 262



ES AND I, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 261.



# LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE Photographs of the Richmond Prisoners.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, No. 455,  
June 18, 1864.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."  
Romans xii. 19.

Thro' the wide world, the sun's bright eye  
Sees many a deed of sin and shame;  
But there are crimes, so black in dye,  
One shudders at their name.  
Crimes, that the stricken soul appal,  
That freeze the blood and blanch the cheek,  
On which the searching sunrays fall,  
And condemnation speak.

I wonder how God's sun could shine,  
Nor tinkle at the work his light  
Was set to do, as each dread line  
Was printed in his sight.  
Oh, was the starving many a score  
Of unoffending, helpless men  
The act of human beings? or  
Devised by Satan's brain?

Starvation to the point of death!  
The horror conjured by the thought,  
Stified the current of my breath,  
As home to me 'twas brought.  
I saw the wasted forms laid bare,  
The faces of wan misery;  
No false exaggeration there,  
Sun pictures cannot lie!

Oh, what a sight for Christian eyes,  
Those poor, pale skeletons! And oh,  
The fearful load of guilt that lies  
On men who made them so!  
Grief, pity, anger, all will swell  
Within our hearts at this great wrong;  
And who the end can dare foretell?  
We ask Thee, Lord, how long?

Into Thy hands, great Judge of all,  
Our righteous vengeance we commend;  
Upon Thy mighty power we call,  
This shameful sin to end.  
Scarcely can we endure the sting  
Of knowing woes we do not share;  
Then what must be their suffering,  
Who the full sharpness bear?

How can we check these cruelties,  
At which humanity grows pale?  
When Christ's law fails to christianize,  
Can Governments prevail?  
We cannot of our rulers ask  
That they retaliate in kind;  
To work out such a devil's task,  
No instrument they'd find.

What can we do? must we submit  
To let the rebel leaders still  
Destroy our men as they see fit,  
At their own wicked will?  
Weak, powerless to fold our hands,  
And wait in shocked and dumb despair,  
Till God enforce His own commands,  
In answer to our prayer.

Nay, is this all that we can do,  
God helps them who themselves will aid;  
And in His Name we will go through  
Our part, nor be afraid.  
Push on our armies, and sustain  
Our glorious leaders, Meade and Grant;  
And give them of supplies and men,  
All, all they ask or want.

While we, safe in our guarded homes,  
Pray without ceasing for success  
To crown our arms—for Peace, that comes  
Thro' victories God can bless.  
Let us strain every nerve to win  
Their strongholds from our cruel foes;  
Leave it to God to punish sin,  
Who sin's full blackness knows.

He will, by our brave soldiers' hands,  
Unlock the prison doors. His care  
Will call to life and hope the bands  
Of the sad captives there.  
But for the Past, the agony,  
The bitter anguish that has been  
The measure meted—shall not we  
Meet back to them again?

Oh, no! oh, no! "Vengeance is mine,  
I will repay," declares the Lord.  
Wisdom it needs, and power Divine,  
To carry Judgment's sword.  
Let us forgive them; even pray  
That true repentance they may learn;  
And from the snare of Satan, may  
To righteous paths return.

Within our hearts let us not dare  
Harbor revenge and angry hate,  
But lay our wrongs and sorrows where  
Justice and Power wait.  
Give we our energies to those  
Whose sufferings we may allay,  
Leaving all vengeance on our foes,  
To Him who will repay.

## The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, that we were on the wild, wild wave together,  
With but one plank between us and destruction,  
That I might seize him in these desperate arms,  
And plunge with him beneath the whelming billows,  
And see him gasp for life!—Bertram.

The influence Marina suddenly gained over Muta was complete. The latter appeared to be passive enough in the hands of her rescuer to be moulded by her into whatever form she chose to make her assume. Marina preferred to infuse some of her own undaunted strength into her mind, and to render her as free-thoughted and in-

dependent as it was possible for her to become. She did much towards making the girl a woman and to fit her to fulfil the duties of a wife.

"Are you not afraid that Grimrip will run away with you again?" she asked Muta one day.

"Not at all," answered Muta, laughing. "You have taught me to be brave and to use my hands and feet and lungs. I am young and strong enough to run away with so old a man, in spite of himself, instead of allowing him to capture me."

"You are an apt pupil, Muta; I am proud of you. It is just as easy to frighten danger as it is to allow danger to frighten you. Run from it in wild fear, and it swells to the size of a mountain; dash boldly at it, and the chances are nine to one that it dwindles to a bubble and bursts. It is cowardice, not weakness, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred provokes injustice and oppression."

Some weeks elapsed ere Bertram Hapswell returned to Ellingsford Hall. He appeared suddenly in the library, dressed in black. Marina and Muta were sitting in the corner of the apartment, the latter listening to the other's eloquent reading. So absorbed was Muta by her friend's elocution, that she did not hear Bertram's approach till he almost touched her, when she turned and saw him. Forgetting, losing all diffidence and reserve, with a scream of delight she leaped into his arms and received and returned his caresses with all the innocence and eagerness of childhood.

So obliviously in paradise were the lovers in one another's arms, that they did not at the time notice either the presence or the absence of Marina. A while afterwards, however, Bertram recollected her to whom both were indebted for their felicity, and sought her in vain. She had left the mansion, never to return.

A month passed away and Julien St. Croix paid Ellingsford a visit, the main purpose of which was to see Marina. During his stay Muta received a letter from her, containing, to her friends, the startling announcement that she was living with Gregory Grimrip (of whom she spoke with affection), and that death alone should part them. The known villainy of this man, the disgusting hideousness of his person and character, were qualities that even St. Croix could not associate with Marina in any relation without horror, and the pure-hearted young Frenchman returned to his native land, disgusted with life, penitent and ascetical; entered the Roman Catholic priesthood; and bade carnal love and joy farewell for ever.

During the cholera season that followed the ordination of St. Croix he was the most fearless and indefatigable of all in visiting the sick and administering to their bodily and spiritual wants, and among others to whom he rendered such invaluable aid was Madame Nitouche herself. A panic had seized those about her and they had fled from her side, leaving her to the mercy of the fell disease that has at one time and another made so many millions its prey. She despaired of herself, and was eager to make her peace with heaven. To St. Croix she confessed the secrets of her dreadful life, in order to receive absolution, and he learned from her what great injustice he had been doing Marina in his heart; for her mother had, it seemed, upon receiving a letter from her concerning Grimrip, solemnly assured her that he was after all her actual father. St. Croix, who was a skilful physician for the body and for the soul, not only saved the life of Madame Nitouche, but convinced her of the error and wickedness she committed in refusing to acknowledge Marina to be her daughter, and of the atonement she owed her husband for attempting to take his life by poison, for this crime was one of the terrible items of her confession. His eloquent exhortations wrought powerfully upon her mind in her subdued and penitent condition, and he was enabled to exert sufficient influence over her to induce her to visit England and seek a reconciliation with Grimrip, still her legal husband. Their meeting was a strange one, constrained, conflicting and dubious, and would, but for the fervent intercession and admirable address of Marina, have terminated in renewed hostility and bitterer hate than ever. But she pleaded with one and extenuated the conduct of the other alternately—implored with tears, caressing and controlling both with the unwearied love of an angel and the adroitness of Eve's tempter, so that, great as her victory was over their evil passions, it was no wonder she gained it.

At this painful meeting the mystery that had so long perplexed Marina was dissipated, and the remaining obscurity afterwards removed from her mind by her mother, and all doubt on the subject for ever set at rest.

She learned that her putative father, Gregory Grimrip, had, many years before, carried on a trade between England and France, paying half-a-dozen or more visits to the latter country annually, and had met her mother, Mathilde Nitouche, in Normandy, of which province she was a native. She was very beautiful and very poor, an orphan, and earned her scanty subsistence with her needle. Gregory paid his addresses to her, and by means of his rich presents and the dazzling illusions of wealth overcame her repugnance to his ugliness, and married her. Disparity of age, of looks, of tastes and feeling, rendered the match a very unequal, and, eventually, a very unhappy one. Mathilde endeavored to console herself for conjugal deficiencies by dressing splendidly and surrounding herself with handsome young gallants, to whom she was suspected of granting favors inconsistent with her marriage vows. Among her favorites were Mordant Elfstone and Victor Kingsland, senior, the former apparently enjoying her tenderest regard. To remove his wife from their society, Gregory took up his residence in France, but his frequent and necessary absence from home at once exposed his fair partner to temptation and aggravated his own jealousy. His temper grew intolerably sour, and his moroseness and sharp upbraiding rendered his presence to his wife a constant source of unhappiness, and

made her at last wish for nothing so much as for an eternal separation from him.

Her antipathy to him deepened into the deadliest hate, and his suspicions of her tortured him worse than a perpetual incubus. She discovered at length that she was haunted by his spies during his absence, and grew desperate. More than once in his rage he threatened her life on account of her suspected infidelity, and she finally determined to forestall him in the work of death.

She procured from her most favored lover the potion which was to dispatch her husband on the journey which admits of no returning, and mixed it with the coffee in his cup. Little did she dream that she had been watched and discovered by a spy in the pay of Grimrip, who, hidden in the garden in which her conversation with her partner in guilt took place, overheard enough of it to put his employer on his guard. At the breakfast-table a servant brought word to Mathilde that a person was waiting in the hall anxious to speak with her, and while she stepped out of the room to listen to a pretended message from her lover, her husband emptied his cup of coffee into the coffee-pot. He had the revengeful satisfaction, a few minutes afterwards, of seeing her pour out and drink a cup of the beverage she had been tampering with. She was, soon after, overpowered with drowsiness, and retired to her chamber. Grimrip soon followed her, and found her lying apparently lifeless on her bed, and her maid, in a fearful state of agitation, endeavoring to rouse her.

"Monsieur, what is the matter with madame?" asked the girl. "She said, 'My husband poisoned me,' and then sank into this state. I can't wake her, all I can do."

"Let her alone; she has been drinking too much, and will sleep it off," said Grimrip, with affected indifference.

But he saw danger in remaining, more than he durst encounter, and fled from the house, taking Marina, his only child with him. At Dieppe he left her with Madame Pourpre, the widow of an old sea captain, who had long been in his employ. To avoid suspicion and inquiry, he at once told the widow that the child was his natural daughter by a peasant girl just deceased, and offered the old lady a handsome sum to induce her to take charge of the little one. Madame Pourpre was too poor to refuse his offer, had she been disposed to do so, which she was not, and accepted the trust and the money.

Grimrip went from Dieppe to England, hastily settled his affairs, and sailed for New York, in which city he lived for many years, and acquired great wealth and influence.

Mathilde, whose lover had given her a powerful narcotic instead of poison, soon recovered from the effects of the dose, and after much cogitation was enabled to give a near guess at the manner in which the tables had been turned upon her. Her conjectures were confirmed by a letter she received from her lover, upbraiding her with her intended murder, and bidding her farewell for ever. As soon as she contrived to convert into money the means her husband had left, she removed from Amiens into Brittany, and bought a small property in Lannion, Côtes du Nord, upon which she resided until prevailed upon by Julien St. Croix and Marina to visit England.

Little Marina remained in Dieppe till she was accidentally discovered by Mordant Elfstone in widow Pourpre's shop, in which the town is celebrated. He was struck with the child's resemblance to his once loved Mathilde, and, upon inquiring into its history, was satisfied that it was her daughter. He felt a most paternal regard for Marina, and had her sent to a fashionable seminary and educated at his own expense. Her mother, at Elfstone's instance, visited Madame Pourpre a short time before the latter's decease, heard her story, and persisted in believing that Grimrip had told her the truth, and taken her own child with him to his place of exile. Poor Marina was, therefore, barely received by her mother, who refused to acknowledge her, and left her in a state of painful doubt as to her parentage.

But such misgivings no longer existed in the mind of the mother, who now treated her devoted daughter with affection and tenderness. Even towards her husband her conduct was respectful, and she appeared determined to compel her inclinations to submit to her sense of her duties. Grimrip, albeit without reason, doubtful of Marina's blood relationship to him, was charmed by her attachment and gentle obedience, and behaved towards her with great generosity. Marina, who was anxious for her own and her mother's sake, to avoid embarrassing associations, and to begin afresh, prevailed upon her parents to visit America, with the view of making their home in it. In disposing of their property and in converting it into money for the purpose of removal, Marina was grieved to observe the keen suspicion with which the husband and the wife regarded each other, and could not but feel that hatred was still lurking in the depths of their hearts, which she could only prevent from breaking out openly, and sundering them wider apart than ever.

A voyage to America was a treat to Marina. Her free soul was charmed with the idea of visiting the land distinguished above all others for liberty, and the sea had been her playfellow in childhood, and she sported in its billows like a dolphin. To her expanded and expanding soul the ocean, bounded but by the blending sky that only stooped to kiss its imaginary brim, was a sight that dilated her thoughts into sublimity, and made her heart swell with the loftiest poetic emotion. The grandeur of desolation was dear to her lonely soul, and the wide waste of waters, restless as her own heart, or as deadly calm, sympathetically relieved her intense spirit, and lulled it into grateful repose.

Bold and staunch as was her heart, it was fluttered like a bird's one night when she was awakened by a fearful cry that sounded like the

scream of despair and death. They know little of the "horror heaped on horror's head" who have not, in such a time and place, heard such a sound. She leaped out of her berth, dressed herself scantily and in haste, and hurried upon deck. She saw smoke and flames issuing from the steerage hatchway, and comprehended in a moment the awfulness of her situation. But her courage rose with the occasion, and she felt superior to its horrors. Grimrip came on deck, and, hardy as he was, quailed as he contemplated the tremendous emergency. His wife was overwhelmed by it. Her conscience was aflame, and, death, in the terrific form it now approached her, appeared to her like divine judgment and retribution. Marina believed that her last hour had arrived, but even in that time of wildness and terror her thoughts wandered far away to another than herself.

"Bertram!" she murmured. "Bertram, where are you now? Sleeping calmly and happily by Muta, while Death wraps me in his fiery agonies. Sleep on and wake only to joy. I, who am consumed with a more burning passion, fear not these devouring flames. Among these hundreds I alone am ready and right willing to die. Why should so many cowering wretches be sent shrieking into eternity? Would I might suffer and die for all!"

The flames mocked all attempts to subdue them, and spread with the rapidity of a winged demon. Death never looked more ravenous or roared more terribly for his prey than did they. Two boats were swamped in launching. As Marina was about to descend into the one in which her mother was already seated, Grimrip hung about her neck some papers enclosed in an oilskin bag, telling her to hold the contents next to her own life the most precious of all things. The boat, however, did not live long in the sea, being quickly filled and sunk. Marina, who boasted that she could dance and swim for ever, sustained her mother till she grasped a floating fragment, which also upheld her other parent. The shattered planks were insufficient to support both, and the husband and wife, in that dreadful moment between time and eternity, suddenly glared upon each other with the unquenchable hate of many years, for a while suppressed, but now breaking forth with fatal fury. The planks drifted with them away from Marina, who beheld, with horrible distinctness, the fearful pair struggling for the possession of the little raft, each trying to throw off the other, and both succeeding; for in the desperation of their endeavors they allowed their support to slip away from them and both went down, never to rise again in life, clasped in one another's arms, not in the embrace of love but in the grapple of infernal hate.

Marina struck out for them, but she could not reach them before they disappeared. She never saw them afterwards. This was to her, although she had that night witnessed so much that was frightful, the crowning horror. She felt almost reckless of life, but still swam with the ease of long habit. As the blazing vessel went down the sun rose, as if he had hurried up to witness this final catastrophe. Marina, who had availed herself of the support afforded by a large oar which had drifted towards her, beheld the awful catastrophe with emotion no words can describe, with something of the feeling which perhaps the astonished soul first contemplates the phantasmagoria of its eternal home. She sustained herself for about an hour in the water, till she was picked up by a boat from a brig, which had borne down upon the scene of the disaster, and was instrumental in saving two boatloads of human beings and some few swimmers, who had managed, like Marina, to keep afloat so long.

The survivors from the wreck were taken to Boston, Mass., to which port the brig was bound; but as Mr. Grimrip's agent lived in New York Marina hastened thither, and obtained the best legal advice in relation to her affairs. The documents entrusted to her by the deceased included, among other valuable deeds, a will which made her his exclusive heiress. Her father's agent supplied her with all the money she required, and after visiting some of the principal cities and lions of the country, and settling her business satisfactorily, she received a letter from Mordant Elfstone, which induced her to return to Europe. Prior to her departure from New York, while walking down Broadway, she was abruptly accosted by an ugly old man, who cried:

"Oh, Cielo! Marina!"

She gazed at the shabby little fellow in mute surprise.

"Don't you know me? I am Sceda."

Marina's kind heart was instantly overflowing with sympathy for her little old friend, although she could not help being, in spite of herself, much amused at the oddity of his appearance and with his employment, which consisted in roasting and vending chestnuts.

"Oh, what a fall is here, my Bohemians!" she exclaimed. "I thought you had a soul above commerce."

"So I have, Marina; but I find I need not put much soul into this business and little capital, which is very fortunate, as I left both on the other side of the ocean. But you must not laugh at me. What think you that your idol, Garibaldi, is doing for a living?"

"On my life, nothing unworthy of himself."

"He is making candles on Staten Island."

"'Tis fitting; for he is a bright and shining light himself. I shall patronise you both."

"Another of your old friends is here, worse off than either of us."

"Who?"

"Victor Kingsland."

"I have long been hunting for him, for I heard that he had returned from California. Where is he?"

Signor Sceda pointed to a rough stone building, with a green in front of it.

"That is an hospital. Is he very ill?"

"He is dying."

"Of what?"



## "The delirium tremens."

"Take me to him instantly. Oh, never mind your chestnut furnace. Carry you out on the spot at your own price—business, goodwill, fixtures, and all, with the confident expectation of soon realising a fortune and winning fame as the mysterious chestnut seller. Come!"

Marina would never have recognised in the bloated and raving idiot that Scoda pointed out to her the once handsome and dashing Victor Kingsland. She found him in a dreadful fit, and he screamed at the sight of her, calling her a red serpent with blazing eyes, and mistook Scoda for the devil himself.

Marina left nothing undone that medical skill and nursing could do towards saving Victor Kingsland's life, but without avail. She was with him in his last moments. Before he died, during a lucid interval, he recognised her, and charged her with messages to his mother and brother. Marina had him buried in Greenwood cemetery at her own expense, and in a manner befitting the position he had and ought still to have held in society.

She returned soon afterwards to England with little Scoda, who, like his heroic countryman, Garibaldi, has since risen from the depths of adversity and taken part in the glorious self-assertion of his beloved and beautiful Italy.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;  
They kill us for their sport.—*King Lear, Act IV., Sc. I.*

Yet not always on the giddy head  
Descends the fatal flash.—*Thompson's Summer.*

THERE is always a bright spot in a man's life, enduring for a brief space, but while it lasts almost realizing his ideal of happiness, and serving afterwards to convince him of its possibility. Bertram enjoyed his fleeting paradise, this oasis in the desert of terrestrial existence with Muta, and both were so happy that they did not, could not think they could be happier.

Muta had learned to talk well, but she did not say much, and that little was as simple as it was sweet and moving. Her eyes had, however, become illumined with lovely expression, and her angelic smile was often the most charming reply that could have been made to her lover's burning eloquence. Bertram was her tutor, and found much of her mind a blank page which received his impressions readily and retained them indelibly. Her progress was almost miraculous, and the young master was prouder of his pupil's rapid advancement than he would have been of her erudition had she been, when he first knew her, a profound scholar. His task was a labor of love, and one in which he took great delight.

But upon knowledge for its own sake she did not seem to set a high value. As far as her acquisition of it enabled her to gratify Bertram, it was unspeakably precious to her. Her task, too, was a labor of love, for love was her incitement, her light, her guide, her haven and reward. So absorbed was her whole soul by Bertram, that she felt as though the loss of him or of his affection would render her mind as blank, dark and ignorant as ever.

When Muta's education was deemed sufficiently complete to justify her introduction into society her marriage with Bertram was repeated with due form and propriety, and she assumed the duties and honors appertaining to the mistress of Wilborne Hall, the hereditary mansion of the Hapewells. Lady Adele Hapewell, a very noble woman, received Muta kindly, and no sooner became convinced of the cordial innocence and truthfulness of her disposition than she took her to her heart and loved her as if she had been her own daughter.

Sir Bertram Hapewell, Bart.—for such was now our hero's title—received a magnificent dowry with Muta, all that Elftone could bestow, for the old sculptor, divining that his days were few, and that her claims to Ellingsford would be contested, provided her in advance with ample means to maintain them. After Bertram and Muta had left Ellingsford, Elftone found his condition very desolate, and he wrote to Marina, entreating her, if she was at all dissatisfied with her position in America, to return to England and live with him. He went back to his studio, in which he spent the greater part of his days, and wrought sedulously on a statue representing the fair one he was so anxiously expecting to hear from and again welcome to his heart. His "Serpent," as he called his last work, seemed likely to prove his greatest masterpiece, for it was not only very beautiful, but replete with wonderful energy, suggestive grace and intense expression. It advanced rapidly, for he gave all his time and strength to it, and when away from it seemed quite absent and lost. He ate and drank very little, overtaxed his powers, and evidently needed some one capable of exercising a wholesome control over him.

A venerable old gentleman who called to see him one day was told that he was engaged in his studio and would not be visible till five o'clock in the afternoon, his dinner hour, and that it would be actually dangerous to disturb him before. The visitor said he had come some hundred miles to see him, and would wait his appearance.

Mordant Elftone had worked unusually hard that morning, and during the afternoon grew tired and sat down on a bench at some distance from the statue to rest himself, and contemplate his work at the same time. The sky had become overclouded, and the room looked very gloomy. After the sculptor had gazed for some time at his marble creation, he saw, or thought he saw, a pale figure appear beside it, wreath its arms around the statue's neck and kiss its cold lips. When the face of the apparition turned towards him, misty and white as it was, he recognised it to be Muta's, and its pensive smile and look of heavenly affection for him sent a thrill of strange awe through his heart. As it disappeared it beckoned to him with graceful wavings of the hands, imparting to

the gazer that unearthly sensation which can only be awakened by supernatural presence. When it had vanished he gazed in every direction, surprised to find all wearing its wonted aspect, and exclaimed fearfully:

"I am going mad again!"

He made a great effort to compose himself, and to divert his mind from the apparition he had just beheld; tried to read the newspaper he had brought with him from the breakfast-table, but neglected till now. For some time, however, the letters swam before him, and the sweet and boding solemnity of his spiritual visitant filled his sight; but as his vision grew clearer it was presented with something more fearful far, large, mourning, horrible type, announcing the loss at sea of the steamer in which Marina had taken her passage for America, and the perishing of every creature on board, with the exception of seven of the crew. Elftone sprang to his feet like one wounded while sitting, and struggling to overmaster his fate, tottered towards his statue and fell lifeless at its base.

At about four o'clock the patient visitor awaiting the advent into the library of Mr. Elftone was joined by Julien St. Croix.

"Where is he? have you not seen him yet?" demanded the latter.

"He is in his studio, I believe, but his servants tell me it is dangerous to disturb him before his usual hour of coming forth, and I have therefore been constrained to wait here since 11 o'clock."

"They had little idea who you are, and doubtless took you for some clerical bore, whose visit to the studio would have irritated their master beyond endurance, or they would have treated you with more courtesy. I stand upon no ceremony here, however, and will take you up at once."

As Julien and his venerable friend were ascending to the sculptor's sanctum, the former observed:

"I think it is well you were not admitted before I arrived, for there is no telling what effect a sudden disclosure of this kind may have upon him."

Little did they divine with what impossibility Elftone could receive the most astounding discovery they could make to him, and little were they prepared for the silent and awful reception he gave them. For the first few seconds after they had entered the studio, they thought that the old artist had left the room, and Julien, catching sight of the statue, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Marina in living marble!"

"My daughter herself, and as like as life!"

"Your daughter?"

"I loved her as such. This is the beauty that was wont to illumine my cave in Savoy, and give me new life, like the visits of spring. She is no angel, but the Queen of Women."

"She is indeed Nature's masterpiece, as this is Art's. Great God! here is Elftone, lying on the floor. He has fallen—no, he is no more."

"My brother dead!" cried the old man falling on the floor beside the sculptor, now as pale, cold and insensible as his own works. "Is it thus we meet at last? He looked pale as this when we parted, but, oh, how different! I thought I had murdered him in his crime, and I have felt like a Cain ever since. Brother, you were always before me, though younger, but why precede me to the grave? He must have died while I was waiting below. It is a cruel thought that I should have been so near him, and have rendered him no aid in his last moments."

"He doubtless died very suddenly," said Julien, who had taken the newspaper that the dead man grasped out of his hand. "Here is the false intelligence of Marina's death, and I believe that the shock of grief for her loss killed him. She was always his chief solace, and latterly his only stronghold in life."

On the day on which these events transpired Bertram and Muta rode on horseback, through charming scenery dressed in the full luxuriance of August, to the half ruined chapel of St. Winifred, about five miles from Wilborne. They had hardly reached the chapel, which was undergoing a partial renovation, before they were overtaken by a sudden thunderstorm. Muta, who had contracted from Grimrip's housekeeper a habit of tacit piety, mingled with superstition, no sooner heard the thunder begin to mutter, roll and crash than she ran to the altar, which was of beautiful marble, and in strange contrast with the rest of the building, and knelt at its foot in prayer. Bertram had some trouble with the horses, and had just secured them against the consequences of their restiveness when he was well-nigh stunned by a thunderclap that seemed to shake the earth and almost brought him to his knees. So violent was the concussion that he was deafened and paralysed for some seconds, and full a minute elapsed before he recovered his self-possession. He entered the chapel, congratulating himself that he had tied up the horses in time so firmly, for they had just struggled most frantically to break away.

As he walked up the aisle his nostrils were saluted with a sulphureous smell, and he rushed forward to behold at the foot of the shattered and smoking altar the prostrate form of Muta. He raised her—she hung listless in his arms. Her riding-hat had fallen off; her hair had become dishevelled and fell over her face, her habit, down to the marble steps in golden luxuriance, like rays of the lightning that had struck her. He pushed her hair aside, gazed into her face of pure, deadly whiteness, his eyes in their wide blue stare, and frantically kissed the parted lips that showed the shining pearls behind them. He chafed her hands, called her by every name of endearment, and when he had tried every expedient he could think of to revive her and found that she was dead, he flung himself on the altar and besought heaven to strike him, too, with its lightning, lifeless by the side of the beautiful corpse of his young and innocent wife.

## THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY WM. WIRT SIKES.

Thus spake to me a dreamer, some years gone,  
Who bore the name of being loveless, sad,  
And wedded only to his Art—a man  
Who dwelt amid the beauty he begot  
Before his easel. Warm of heart, and true,  
But shunning women, courteously but still  
Persistently. Thus once he spake to me,  
In answer to a question I had put:

"In all my life, I never knew what 'twas  
To sigh for love in vain—to feel my heart  
Grow dead within me, and the springs of life  
Fainting in dearth of love-dews; and I keep  
Youth's early green for ever blooming here.

"There's silver hair upon my head, for grief  
And care have touched me, as they touch us all;  
But if I'm sad, I've but to close my eyes  
Upon a weary world, and turn aside  
Into my other world, my world of dreams.

"There I find love that changes not, nor pales  
Its fires for ever—love that burns as pure  
As incense on the altar of a saint—  
That feeds me kisses from sweet virgin lips  
Where none have been before, to brush away the  
bloom—  
That calls me tender names no other ear has  
heard,  
And sings me into sleep with songs more beautiful  
Than any earthly siren ever sang her love.

"Loveless? Here's love to make a jealous world  
Grow mad with envy! Here's a painless love—  
And other lovers know how much of pain  
Their love doth bring them. Oh, a wondrous love!  
That never wearies, never pales, and yields  
Kisses that never cloy, joys that do grow  
For ever richer, deeper, stronger. Who so blest  
As this with love?"

None but the dreamer, sooth!

## HINTS TO SOLDIERS FOR EMERGENCIES IN MARCH AND CAMP.

THE facility with which the American, above all others, adapts himself to any position and finds resources for any emergency is unquestionable, and the general familiarity with forest life gives him an experience not usual in Europe. Still a few hints of modes of improving matters may not be amiss, and we give them with illustrations that may benefit not only soldiers in camp and on the march, but travellers and all in case of accident.

Water supply is one of the great difficulties which soldiers and travellers have to contend with. The use of the skin or paunch of an animal properly cleaned and dried will frequently be found of great service. Fig. 1 shows the mode of carrying it. This kind of vessel, common in all southern Europe and Asia for wine and water, is that referred to in the Bible, where the allusion is made to new wine in old bottles.

Fig. 2 shows a method of signalling by means of a piece of looking-glass, which may be seen for miles.

Fig. 3 is a rapid way of cutting coarse forage.

Fig. 4 an effective mode of securing a prisoner is shown. It consists in tying his thumbs as well as his feet. The method of making rush-bottomed chairs and comfortable camp seats is shown in Fig. 5, which may be lashed firmly, and yet so as to remain flexible by a hitch, which secures them in a useful manner.

Fig. 6 shows a mode of bridging over a gap, which is sufficiently explained in the illustration.

Fig. 7 shows a method of drying damp clothes, which will be appreciated at once.

Fig. 8 represents an underground tent or hut, with two stories, the lower being simply a deep hole dug beneath the flooring of the tent, and serving, by the help of a rough branch trimmed to a sort of ladder, as a storeroom or retreat in bad weather.

Fig. 9. It is very often a difficult problem safely to descend a steep hill with a wagon. This is best effected by felling a tolerably large tree and tying its roots to the hind axle-tree, allowing the branches to sweep the ground. Another plan is to unharness the leaders and fasten the collar of the front horse to the back of the wagon.

Fig. 11 shows modes of securing straps, etc.; mending a broken tongue of a buckle; tying a pole to hold a weight; locking a buckle to prevent opening.

Fig. 12 is a section of a tent pitched for a long stay, and provided with a deep drain and a fireplace, the seat and table being dug out.

Fig. 13 is a handy sled to drag baggage. It is made by cutting off a branching bough and laying slats across.

In sleeping in the open air the need is not so much a cover as a shelter against the wind, for want of a wall; but thrown up or boughs make a good protection, as seen in Fig. 14. In Fig. 16 is shown a safe method of securing the market in such cases.

On the seaside where water is scarce, it is necessary sometimes to resort to distillation. Fig. 15 shows how easily a still may be set up. Take any iron pot, fit to it a thick wooden cover, inserting into the side the muzzle of a musket barrel, cutting the wood away so that the steam may escape into the barrel. A log is easily made into a trough on which the barrel is laid, and which, filled with water, acts as a condenser, the distilled water escaping at the nipple of the barrel into a vessel set there.

## HOW THE RED RIVER FLEET WAS SAVED.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER's official report to the Navy Department, dated at the mouth of the Red river, May 16, gives a vivid account of the ingenious devices by which the iron-clad fleet was saved. The following is the material part of the report:

The water had fallen so low that I had no hope or expectation of getting the vessels out this season; and as the army had made arrangements to evacuate the country, I saw nothing before me but the destruction of the best part of the Mississippi squadron. There seems to have been an especial Providence looking out for us in providing a man equal to the emergency. Lieut.-Col. Bailey, acting engineer of the 19th army corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it; but Col. Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested Gen. Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily in the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success if time would only permit. Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some 3,000 men and 200 or 300 wagons. All the neighboring steam mills were torn down for material, two or three regiments of Maine men were set to

work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival in Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flatboats were built to bring down stone from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, bricks and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which human ingenuity could devise. This was run out about 300 feet into the river; four large coal barges were then filled with bricks and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep everything before it. The dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam on one side.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on anxiously for the result. The silence was so great as the Lexington approached the dam that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank; 30,000 voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried; the result was that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing, and I thought that if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service on the Mississippi. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would be finally brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights up to their necks in water in the broiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks, and nothing but goodhumor prevailed amongst them. On the whole it was very fortunate the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterwards appeared, from running on certain destruction.

Words are inadequate to express the admiration I feel for the abilities of Lieut.-Col. Bailey. This is without doubt the greatest engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances, a private company would not have completed this work under one year, and to an ordinary mind the whole thing would have appeared an utter impossibility. Leaving out his abilities as an engineer, the credit he has conferred upon the country, he has saved to the Union a valuable fleet worth nearly \$2,000,000. More, he has deprived the enemy of a triumph which would have emboldened them to carry on this war a year or two longer, for the intended departure of the army was a fixed fact, and there was nothing left for me to do in case that event occurred but to destroy every part of the vessels, so that the rebels could make nothing out of them. The highest honor the Government can bestow on Col. Bailey can never repay him for the services he has rendered to the country. To Gen. Banks, personally, I am much indebted for the happy manner in which he has forwarded this enterprise, giving it his whole attention night and day, scarcely sleeping while the work was going on, attending personally to see that all the requirements of Col. Bailey were complied with on the instant.

The width of the river at the dam was 758 feet, and the depth of water from four to six feet. The current ran at the rate of ten miles an hour, but in spite of all, Col. Bailey raised the depth at the main dam 5 feet 4½ inches, and at the wing dams 1 foot 2 inches, making in all 6 feet 6½ inches.

Col. Bailey, in his report, says: "To Major-Gen. Franklin, who, previous to the commencement of the work, was the only supporter of my proposition to save the fleet by means of a dam, and whose persevering efforts caused its adoption, I desire to return my grateful thanks. I trust the country will join with the army of the Gulf and the Mississippi squadron in awarding to him due praise for his earnest and intelligent efforts in their behalf."

"Major-Gen. Banks promptly issued all necessary orders, and assisted me by his constant presence and co-operation. Gen. Dwight (his chief of staff), Col. Wilson and Lieut. Sergeant, aides-de-camp, also rendered valuable assistance by their personal attention to our wants."

"Admiral Porter furnished a detail from his ships' crews, under command of an excellent officer, Capt. Langthorne, of the Mound City. All his officers and men were constantly employed, and to their extraordinary exertions, and to the well-known energy and ability of the Admiral, much of the success of the undertaking is due."

"I am also under many obligations to Maj. Sentell, Provost-Marshal, and Lieut. Williamson, Ordnance Officer of Gen. Franklin's staff; to Lieut.-Col. W. B. Kinney, 161st N. Y. Vols.; to Lieut.-Col. U. B. Parrall, 99th U. S. (colored) Infantry, who was my assistant; to Capt. George U. Stein, 16th Ohio Vols.; and to Capt. Harden, Morrison and Harper, of 99th U. S. (colored) Infantry, all of whom exhibited much practical knowledge and untiring zeal."

"The following is a list of the troops who constructed the dam: Pioneer Corps, 13th Army Corps, under Capt. Hutchins; 24th Indiana Vols., Lieut. Simont; 23d Wisconsin Vols., Lieut. Kimball; 29th Maine, Lieut.-Col. Emerson; 97th U. S. (colored) Infantry, Col. G. B. Robinson; and detachments from 23d and 24th Wisconsin Vols., 27th Indiana Vols., 19th Kentucky, 16th and 23d Ohio, 24th Iowa, 77th and 130th Illinois, and other regiments."

"These details worked patiently and enthusiastically by day and night, standing waist deep in the water under a broiling sun. Their reward is the consciousness of having performed their duty as true soldiers, and they deserve the gratitude of their countrymen."

Our Artist has depicted the scene with great care, that so remarkable a triumph of engineering skill should not be passed over amid the incidents daily arising. He acknowledges his indebtedness to photographs taken by Messrs. McPherson and Oliver.

The dam on the extreme right of the sketch was made of trees, with the branches up the stream, laid row above row, the alternate rows at right angles. Next came the scows, sunk by means of bricks, railroad iron, sugar-mill machinery, etc. The left of the dam, connecting with the Alexandria shore in the foreground, was made of square piles filled with iron, etc., and sunk.

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech is an arrow-minded one?





1. WATERSKIN AND MODE OF CARRYING.



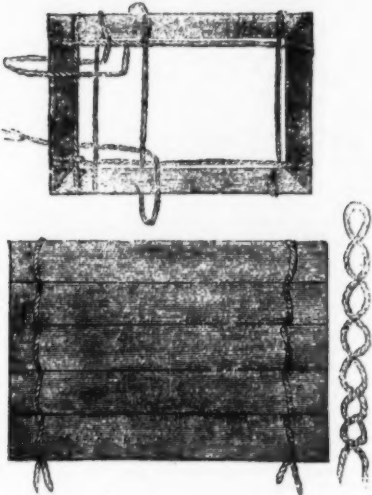
2. SIGNALLING WITH A PIECE OF LOOKING-GLASS.



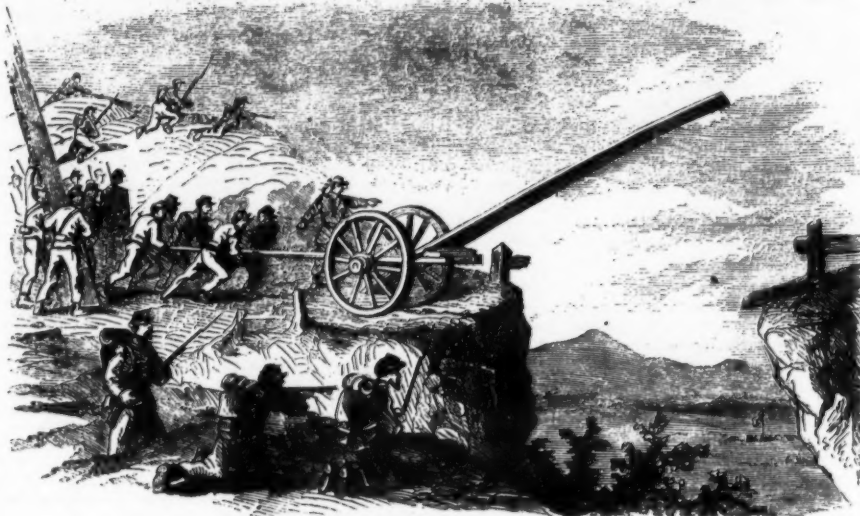
3. CUTTING COARSE FORAGE INTO CHAFF.



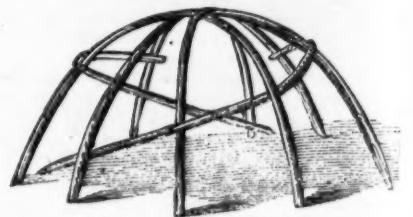
4. EFFECTIVE MODE OF SECURING A PRISONER.



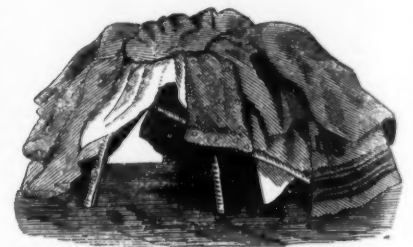
5. METHOD OF MAKING RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR.



6. BRIDGING ACROSS A GAP.



7. METHOD OF DRYING DAMP CLOTHES.



8. UNDERGROUND TENT WITH TWO STOREYS.



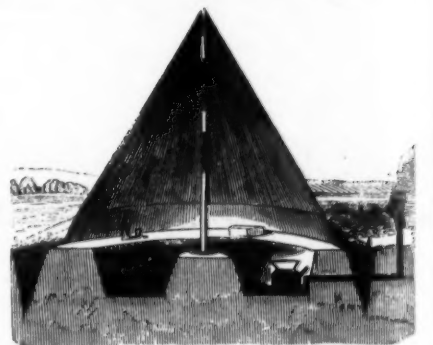
8. UNDERGROUND TENT WITH TWO STOREYS.



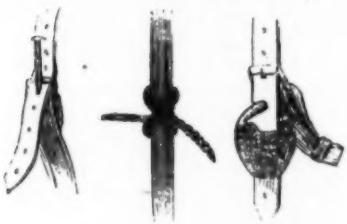
9. METHOD OF DESCENDING A STEEP HILL.



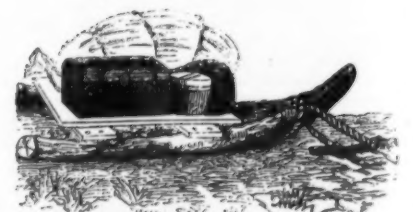
10. FRAMEWORK FOR SMALL TENT.



12. SECTION OF TENT WITH FIREPLACE.



11. A BROKEN MODE OF FASTENING A STRAP LONGER MENDED. I. G. ROPES PADLOCKED.



13. SLED MADE OUT OF A LOG.



14. SHELTER AGAINST A DRIVING WIND.



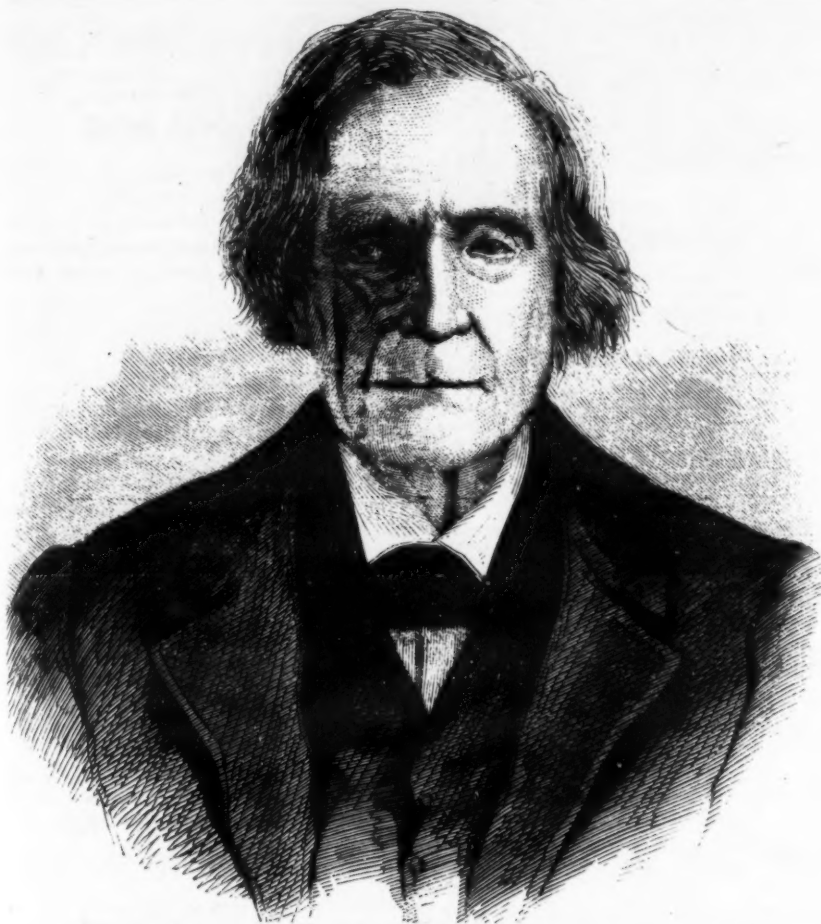
15. MODE OF DISTILLING SEA WATER.



16. SAFE MODE OF SLEEPING WITH A LOADED GUN.







WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, NOW OF PENOBSCOT, MAINE.



JONAS GATES, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, DIED JANUARY 1864.

## TWO CENTENARIAN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

1764-1776-1864.

As an apposite illustration for a paper issued so near the anniversary of the birthday of American freedom, we give portraits of two of the last survivors of the Revolution, of the men whom Washington led, and by whose blood and toil the Declaration of Independence, now on the lips of grateful millions, became a reality and the cornerstone of a great republic.

William Hutchings, one of these, was born in York, in the county of the same name, in what or was then called the District of Maine, subject to the rule of Massachusetts. He saw the light in 1764, just at the close of the last struggle between the English and the French colonies, in which the last were subdued.

He was but 12 years of age at the commencement of the war, and did not of course enter the service till towards the close, but he made up by his zeal and courage for the short time allowed him to display it. After the close of the war he settled in his native district, and has seen it become a thriving State. He has voted for every President, from Washington to Lincoln, has seen the country pass unscathed through successive wars, and now, having outlived a century, would die happy if he could see it once more united.

Jonas Gates, whose portrait we also present, was born at Barre, Mass., July 6, 1764, and joined his father, Capt. Gates, in the army, when only 14. His father, disabled by a severe wound, was compelled to leave the service; but his gallant son, desirous of taking his place, enlisted and fought steadily on till the independence of his country was acknowledged.

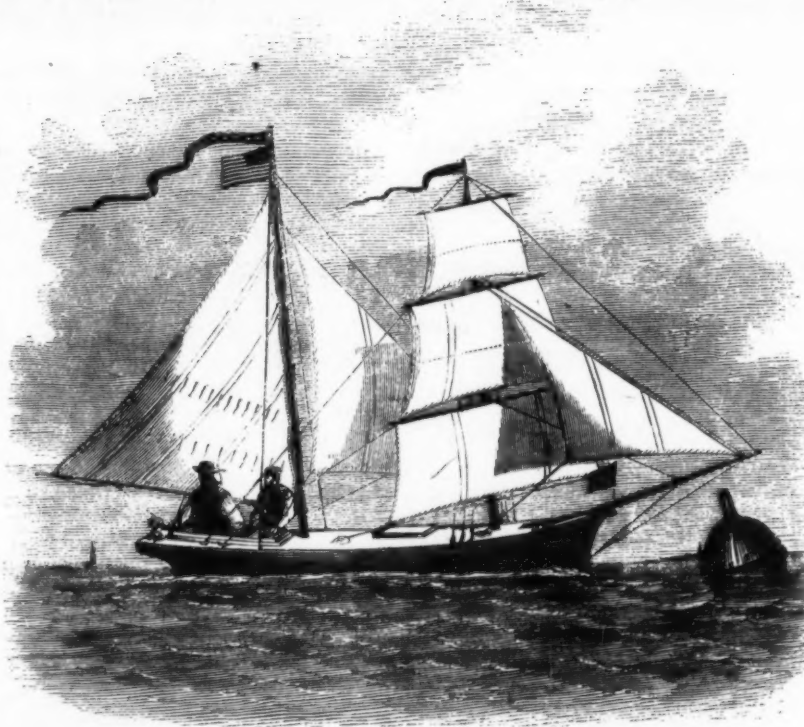
When war was again declared against England Mr. Gates came promptly forward and was made 3d Lieutenant in the 31st Infantry, April 30, 1813.

After the war he returned to Chelsea, Vermont, and resided there till after he entered his 100th year, when he died amidst his family, Jan. 14, 1864.

## THE BRIG VISION.

VISION is not a bad name for one of the most visionary attempts ever made. A brig of one ton register was more of a vision than a reality, but most visionary of all sublimity things is a voyage across the Atlantic in such a cockleshell. Yet Capt. Donovan—Donovan sounds Irish—may be a lineal descendant of

1764. THE LAST OF THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION. 1864.



THE ONE TON BRIG VISION, CAPT. DONOVAN, NOW ON HER WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

those mad Irish sea rovers who in the early ages laughed at Neptune and Æolus, and made long voyages from their island in coracles or willow boats, covered with hides. They thus reached Iceland under good St. Brendan, plundered the coasts of Scotland, England and France, and carried on a pleasant trade with their Milesian cousins in Spain.

Now voyage, Viking Donovan, who, taking all favorable omens, made sail on Sunday afternoon, June 26, amid the greetings of thousands of spectators who broke the Sabbath stillness by their expressions of satisfaction.

The Vision is but 15 feet in length, 4 feet 6 inches beam, and 2 feet 10 inches depth of hold. She is rigged as a hermaphrodite brig, and carries a large quantity of canvas. Her tonnage is about a ton and three quarters. She was launched at the foot of Grand street E. R., on the 17th June, and sailed with Capt. J. O. Donovan, and Mr. Wm. Spencer of Providence, R. I., as Captain and crew. A lively dog Toby represents the passengers. The only provision for cooking is a lamp, the voyagers trusting mainly to corned meats for their fare and carrying 55 gallons of water to drink pure and in coffee.

When all was ready Capt. Donovan set his foresail and foretop-sail and mainsail, and, giving her the jib, she was headed for Governor's Island "on the wind," and standing close in, he then "tacked ship" and reached over to Whitehall, when he again tacked, heading for Bedloe's Island, and making one more tack, he stood down the bay with a nice breeze, making at least eight knots.

Capt. Donovan intends to make the coast of England about Land's End, and proceed direct to London. There is no reason to doubt that the Vision will safely reach her destination. Capt. Donovan will be reported from time to time by passing vessels: so that we shall be enabled to hear of his progress over the Atlantic.

The pilot boat Wm. Bell was the first to give tidings of her, having passed her on the 28th, 45 miles east of Fire Island.

It requires some nerve for such an undertaking, and we hope he will reach London in safety, and show to the Englishmen that, although they have sent the largest vessel to us, we can let them see that the smallest vessel can carry the Stars and Stripes across to them. If this is successfully accomplished, then let her make a note of it; for it would not be unlikely, in the event of a foreign war, that a fleet of our North river sloops might cross over and trouble her commerce, and perhaps destroy her coasting trade.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—NORTHEAST VIEW OF HOVEY GAP, SHOWING JOHNSTON'S RESERVE CAMPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.



## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YANKEE doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the "bark." He calls it "sulphate of canine."

**RATHER HENPECKED.**—Fancy a man nibbling an apple on the sunny side of a barn, for fear his wife should see him eat it in the house.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"

"Quite, thank you, my dear."  
"Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?"  
"Quite sure, love."  
"And no cold air from the windows by your ear?"  
"Quite certain, darling."  
"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

The following lately appeared in the *Gospel Standard*: "The ministry: A few lovers of gospel truth are in want of a minister. One who understands gardening, hothouses and greenhouses, and who would be willing to employ himself in the same, would receive \$40 per year, in addition to what might be raised by the friends. Apply," &c.

POOR GARIBALDI must have had a hard time of late, for it is said that he had 267,000 applications for locks of hair from ladies. The calculation is that, after the complete exhaustion of the hero's own hair, including whiskers and beard, 123 wigs would not have met the demand.

**SELLING AT HALF PRICE.**—A shopkeeper, in a small town, one day, marked the handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "selling at half price." Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered the establishment, and having looked at the handkerchiefs inquired the price.

"Fifty cents a piece," replied the shopkeeper.  
"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."

The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a \$3 bill.

"Beg your pardon, madam, but I—ha—told you the handkerchiefs were 50 cents apiece; that is \$6 per dozen."

"To be sure; I understand as much arithmetic as that; \$6 is the price; half six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good-day, sir."

The lady shut the door. The shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; biting his lips and looking very red, he quietly removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods as selling at half price.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin with him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"  
She immediately answered:  
"No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hands is my father."

A GOOD-LOOKING fellow was arraigned recently before our police-court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked what induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to take something, which he had acceded to. The judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch.

"Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure!"

GRACE GREENWOOD said, in a late lecture in Philadelphia, that she believed in Henry Ward Beecher and Charles Sumner. We wonder whether Beecher and Sumner are believers in Grace.

JEFF DAVIS has appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. The rebels have probably very few days of prayer, but a great many of humiliation.

WE presume that Gen. Grant avoids sending many advices to Washington for fear of getting too much advice from it in return.

THIS cruel war will not be over till this cruel rebellion is under.

AN Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work.

"No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

The South should remember that, in Solomon's time, she was the false mother who wished the child divided.

A MILITARY leader shouldn't be all head or all heart. He should be at least half pluck.

THE last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman.

"I might have easily killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung the weapon in the air to the intense discomfort of the President.

"But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter.

"What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The President reflected an instant, and then said:

"My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

IN THE WRONG PEW.—At a railway shareholders' meeting, held in London the other day, a gentleman attended, and would insist upon making a very long speech, which he did. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had done.

"Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man.

"You will consequently permit me to answer you, sir?"

"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that!"

"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceedingly measured voice, looking round the room, "I think I can do so; I think I can do it to the satisfaction of yourself—I think I can do it to the satisfaction of all present—by informing you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The brilliant speech you made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

THE Newburyport Herald proposes to change Byron's cynical lines:

"Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,  
Believe a woman or an epitaph—"

thus to suit the times:

"Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,  
Believe a woman or the telegraph."

APHORISMS OF THE RUSSIANS.—A pretty young Russian demoiselle must be a Muscovy duck.

## LITERARY ECOTISM.

II. JAMES JAMES told us recently an interesting anecdote of Dorat, which you must let me repeat to you, as I am talking of selfishness:

"There was in the last century a poet named Barthe. They still play one of his comedies: 'Les Fausses Confidences.' He was a friend of the poet Dorat. The latter, while yet young, died exhausted by every passion of debauchery and wit. There was nothing around his deathbed but faded roses, old *billet-doux*, echoes of elegies, misery, desertion, destitution. A decayed actress kept watch by his pillow stuffed with thorns; even the fire scarce flickered on the hearth. Oh, misery and desolation! How true are the words of the Psalmist: 'Woe unto them that laugh! Nevertheless, a man—it was Barthe—made his appearance in this solitude and silence; he had a huge roll of paper under his arm. The dying man said: 'Ah, it is you! Welcome! You, of all the friends I have are the only one who has come to bid me farewell—and yet my chamber is not so far from Café Procope!'"

"Barthe unrolled his manuscript and said: 'Let me read you, friend Dorat, my new comedy in verse; it is entitled 'The Ecgoist, or the Selfish Fellow.' I am persuaded that you will be pleased with it.' The invalid moaned from his bed: 'But, my dear friend, don't you see I am dying? For Heaven's sake, have compassion on me!' The other man replied: 'Get out! you are not half dead! Besides, my comedy is not long; in three hours I'll run through the whole of it.' He smoothed his manuscript, and without pity read right

on till he reached the end. After he had ceased to read, he waited, full sure that his work would be successful, for the invalid's compliments. Dorat said to him with his dying smile: 'Adi, I envy you a name in your Ecgoist; depict him coming to read a comedy to his dying friend, and going away after having drank the last glass of the dying man's infusion.' So saying, he turned his face to the wall, and gave up his petty, frivolous soul, and his worthless mind. 'Oh! the ecgoist and envious wretch!' exclaimed Barthe, as he quitted the death-chamber, and went to carry his comedy to the playactors."

**THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.**—In the time of Alfred the Great the Persians imported in Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horologe of brass wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the 12 hours *ad clepsidram vertebatur*, with as many little brass balls, which at the close of each hour dropped down on a sort of bells beneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also 12 figures of horsemen, who, when the 12 hours were completed, issued out of the 12 windows, which, till then, stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described, and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and learned in the sciences.



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